National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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Pro-Slavery.

THE BALL OPENED!

Great Dance South of the Platte!—First Missourian forward —Opposite Free Soil Gent the same!—Shall Nebraska South of the Platte River become a Slave State?—Great Excitement in Nebraska City!!!

THE question of slavery or no slavery has at last been raised in regard to the southern portion of Nebraska. We have with us many Missourians and Virginians, some of them *have their slaves already here*, who are among our most enterprising and popular citizens, and we are well aware that, though they say but little in regard to the matter, they are bent upon establishing "the peculiar institution" in Southern Nebraska, if it can be done by a majority vote. Emigrants from southern States are moving here, south of the Platte, faster, perhaps, than any other style of settlers. Emigrants from northern States are scarce at present in proportion to those from the South; and as south of the Platte river is already the most populous portion of the Territory, and as it is acknowledged by all to be by far the best agricultural part of Nebraska, it is a matter of importance to all whether it be a free or a slave State.

We do not affirm, as many unacquainted with our settlers do and will, that there is no possibility of Southern Nebraska ever becoming a slave State. On the contrary, we see no impossibility about it; we see no reason why, with a majority of slave-State emigrants for her population, South-Platte Nebraska should not eventually become a powerful supporter of slavery.

Northern men who take the ground that every man born south of Mason and Dixon's line is born indolent and without ambition are silly-pated, foolish men, and they reckon without their host. We have seen as much enterprise in Nebraska which originated in Southern heads, and was being pushed and hurried along by Southern hands, as we have of Northern undertakings. It is no more a truth that all Southern men are indolent and imbecile, as some fanatics confidently assert, than it is that all Northern men are industrious and ingenious, which everybody knows isn't exactly the case.

The cry has gone up from Abolition throats, "Slavery shall not enter Nebraska." It is the same yell of fanaticism that shrieked in Kansas, and called the Missourians there to make that Territory a slave Territory. It is the same voice that reverberated in the halls of our National Congress, that hissed in the negro-saving mobs of Boston and Chicago, and that now calls slavery to this Territory, by a regular challenge. Kansas *is* a slave State. Who hastened to make it so? Abolition politicians. Who desired it to become a slave State more than all other living men? The opposers of the Nebraska bill, in order that their predictions might prove true; that they might be written down prophets; excite a Northern war on Southern States; sever the Union or allow each one of them to be President of the United States as early as 1856.

If there is one thing more than any other that gives vitality to slavery—that propagates it—that spreads it like an infection, that one thing is the frothing, boiling, rampant Abolitionism of the Northern States. Had it never existed, slavery would have died years ago, and the inscription upon its tomb-stone would have recorded a *natural* death; but, verging towards its dissolution, the galvanic action of Abolition opposition was applied, and it revived to fight and increase in strength, as the battle lengthened, until now it has grown a formidable foe to those who first threw down the glove and the gauntlet.

And now slavery is here, in a small way, a few negroes, twenty or so, and its supporters are coming faster and faster. What sends them here? A beautiful country is not all that they seek, but a slavery victory over those who have challenged them. They seek to drown that hypocritical voice that cried "slavery shall not enter Nebraska," and prove it false; they seek to conquer those who have taunted them, by making south of the Platte river a slave State.

The men who started this excitement live in Boston and other eastern cities, and send, now and then, a handful of deluded mortals to these Territories to carry out the farce and illustrate their devotion to freedom, by attempting so govern all men in and after the manner of doctrine taught by Seward, Wendell Phillips, Theodore Parker, *et id omne genus*. And so we have some excitement in Nebraska City, in the way of street debates, door-steps discussions, and the question is, "*Shall Nebraska south of the Platte river be a slave State?*"—*Nebraska City News.*

ABOLITIONISTS AT WORK.

"WE are informed, upon reliable authority, that a negro, belonging to Mr. Yocum, formerly of Jackson Co., Missouri, now living on the Meredezine, was run off and harboured in the town of Lawrence, the headquarters of the Abolitionists and the Emigrant Aid Society. The negro woman was traced up to where she was found by Messrs. Wade and Robinson. Messrs. W. and R. demanded the negro, and she was refused to be given up. The Abolitionists were then told, if they did not give up the negro, their town would be in ashes in twenty-four hours. Fearing the power of the '*rascally* Missourians,' they wisely concluded to surrender up the slave. The negro says, since her return, the Abolitionists kept her concealed, and for two nights she slept in the same bed with a white woman, the wife of a preacher."—*Kansas Herald.*

It will be seen by the above that the scum of the population of the Eastern States, who are endeavouring to monopolize this Territory, have commenced their nefarious practices; and, unless summary punishment be dealt out to the pitiful scoundrels, *without delay*, a few months will see a regularly organized "underground railroad" in Kansas. Unless we at once resort to decisive steps in this matter, the labour and expense of the late election will only have achieved a fraction of its ends. We owe it, not only to the protection of our property, but to the noble aid rendered us by the South in the recent triumphant struggle with the minions of Abolitionism, that the theiving propensities of the "negro philanthropists" should be "nipt in the bud"—should receive a sudden and effectual check. Missouri has sent her hardy sons amongst us that she may be protected from innovations upon her property; and it is our duty to see that she be not disappointed in her expectations.

If we would rid ourselves of a set of hirelings, sent into our midst with the express view of infringing upon our rights and committing depredations upon our property, we must act promptly, and with an energy and earnestness of purpose that will give Abolitionists distinctly to understand that Kansas is not a field for the successful operation of their schemes of plunder. 'Tis vain to procrastinate—it will only increase the courage of the Abolitionist, and make the removal of the evil a matter of greater difficulty.

Many means could be devised whereby these unbearable nuisances could be removed; but the most effectual method that recurs to our mind is to inflict instant punishment upon the offender. We are not, except in extreme cases, an admirer of Judge Lynch's code of practice, nor of self-constituted powers; but, under the circumstances, we opine the organization of Vigilance Committees throughout the Territory, for the protection of slave property, would not only be a judicious policy, but one fully justifiable in the premises. Indeed, it would be well for every pro-slavery citizen to consider himself a member of a Vigilance Committee to see that restitution be made for any injury sustained at the hands of Abolitionists. In every instance where an Abolitionist is known to have run off or to have attempted to entice away a slave, let an escort be afforded him to Missouri, and there he will find a ready supply of *boots* to facilitate his progress beyond the confines of that State. It would be well, too, not to let the culprit depart from the Territory without an ample coat of tar and feathers, and the map of the United States legibly printed on his back with that delicate pencil, known as the cat-o'-nine-tails. Laws, at present, we are without; but were laws of the most stringent nature enacted—which, doubtless, will be done when the Legislature meets—they are too dilatory in their action—there are too many loop-holes for their evasion—for them to accomplish the ends desired. Protection and redress must come from a more certain source, and that source lies in the action of the people interested.

It is with pleasure we note the decided tone in which our cotemporaries of the *Kicapoo Pioneer*, and also of the *Kansas Herald*, express themselves on this subject. Touching our own vicinity, we have no fears of annoyance from Abolition impudence; for the few, if any, who may have settled in this region know that the spirit of the people will not brook the slightest indication of an encroachment upon their property. Apart from this, however, we are as sensitive regarding the actions of Abolitionists elsewhere as though our immediate neighbourhood was thickly beset by them, and are ever ready to second, with such aid as we may command, any steps taken for the protection of the property of pro-slavery citizens throughout the Territory. As a first step, the town of Lawrence should be rid of its pestiferous inhabitants.—*Stringfellow's (Atchison, Kansas) Squatter Sovereign.*

GOING TO WORK RIGHT.

THE people of Platte County have at last opened their eyes, and are now hitting at the root of all their troubles, vexations and losses, by ridding themselves of incendiary publications, and driving from their midst a set of worthless beings, who only delight in aiding and abbetting the running off of their neighbour's slaves, and making themselves otherwise odious to an honest and respectable community. We, as a general thing, disapprove of lynch law, and are the last to justify people in taking the law in their own hands, when the statutes provide ample punishment for offences committed. But there are certain cases in which a community are justifiable in resorting to *any means* to protect themselves and punish offenders—they are in cases where the law makes no provisions for such punishment. We look upon the destruction of the Abolition printing-office in Parkville, Mo., as necessary for the security of the lives of the citizens in that neighbourhood, the protection of their property, and the well-being of the slaveholding population. We have often wondered that Platte County should take such a deep interest in the politics of this Territory, and render us such valuable assistance in driving negro-thieves from our midst, while she permitted, on her own soil, the torch of the incendiary to be lighted, the knife of the assassin to be raised, and her citizens daily victimized, by the same hand that threatened to destroy us! But we knew them to be a forbearing people; we knew that they would endeavour by moral suasion to remedy the evil, but at that point, where forbearance ceases to be a virtue, we also knew decisive measures would be adopted.

The destruction of the press of Messrs. Park & Patterson, in Parkville, should be a warning to papers of like stamp, in other portions of the State, and here in Kansas Territory. They should at least learn by this simple lesson that the people of the South are determined, *at all hazards*, or at whatever *cost*, to purge themselves of all resident Abolitionists, and, further, to perform the same thing for us, here in Kansas Territory. Now that the work has been commenced, let the reform be carried further. All eyes are now turned to Jefferson City and St. Louis. After which, work will be found in the vicinity of Lawrence, Kansas Territory. We may talk of using moderate means to accomplish our ends. To us such language sounds harsh. Moderation, when the lives of your wives and children are in danger, when your trusty slaves are being deluded, and, by promises, and knives placed in their hands, being persuaded to murder you in cold blood! The idea is preposterous. For our part, we advocate the most decisive and effectual means to remedy such evils; and the sooner the work is completed, the better we shall be pleased.—*Ibid.*

MISSOURI IN DANGER.

WE do not wish to create an unnecessary alarm in the minds of our friends in Missouri, or without cause excite the fears of pro-slavery men in Kansas, but we boldly assert that, if due vigilance is not used to check the publication of incendiary papers in our midst, our slaves will be taught to be rebellious and unruly, our lives will be endangered, and our property insecure. Already have the Abolition press of Lawrence, in this Territory, boasted that, as soon as "free institutions are established in the Territory," the war will be carried into Africa. Meaning that as soon as a sufficient number of cut throats and negro-thieves, from the prisons and poor-houses of the East, arrive in Kansas, the operation of running off negroes, by the Underground Railroad, will be commenced on an extensive scale. It is high time the people were aroused to a sense of their danger. Why do we wait for a large army to concentrate in our Territory before we attempt to drive off the invader? We are for *immediate* and *decisive* action!

It is much easier to check the progress of a few lawless invaders than to defeat an army of armed ruffians. Let us commence in earnest, and purge Kansas and Missouri of all resident Abolitionists and Free Soil publications. This should be done as an act of self defence, with is said to be the "first law of nature." The *Kansas Herald of Freedom* should be made an example of, and its press put in the Kansas river, or made to keep company with the "Luminary machine," of Parkville, Mo. Hear how the cracked brain editor threatens to carry the war on our domestic institutions into Missouri. Is there not enough in this threat to justify immediate action?

"THE WAR IN AFRICA.—Since our border neighbours have given freemen her late lessons on popular sovereignty, a strong inclination is evinced by many to settle in Missouri. We are decidedly in favour of "carrying the war into Africa," if the contest is to be prolonged. If the people of Kansas cannot be left free to establish their own institutions, the people of Missouri should not be allowed to retain theirs. We are opposed to all interference, either in the legislation or domestic policy of a neighbouring State; but if the people of that State act upon the aggressive, we have no idea of acting only on the defensive."—*Ibid.*

THE WORK OF THE ABOLITIONISTS COMMENCED.

A SOUTHERN CITIZEN MURDERED IN COLD BLOOD.

ON Monday week last, at Leavenworth City, Malcolm Clark, formerly of Platte County, Mo., was murdered in cold blood by an Abolitionist named McCrea. They were disputing, and while Mr. Clark was in the act of turning, probably to go away, McCrea drew a pistol and shot him through the heart. He died immediately. He did not speak one word after that fatal shot. The murderer escaped his pursuers, and succeeded in placing himself under the protection of the troops at the Fort. He will not live to be tried. An outraged people are anxiously awaiting an opportunity to deal out summary punishment to the offender. Hanging is a death entirely too good for such a villain! Let him be tortured *and his friends hung!* Hope is beyond his reach. Should the technicalities of the law permit the murderer for a while to hope, the fire of indignation which already exists in the hearts of our citizens will need no other fanning to dissipate such a vain conjecture on his part. He may live in hope, but die in despair he surely must.

Cut down in the prime of life, lies poor Malcom Clark! He is lost to a devoted family, to his numerous friends; and in him, the pro-slavery party have lost one of her noblest defenders. Murdered without a cause, and by an Abolitionist! The thought is sufficient to harrow up a spirit of resentment in the breast of every Southern man, which should tell in the ranks of the Abolitionists.

Poor Clark!, Who is there that knew him who does not lament his loss? A man in the broadest acceptation of the term; generous to a fault. No man ever solicited his assistance but he received it. Brave among the brave, he knew not cowardice; a cowardly thought never reached his brain. Honest on all occasions, in every transaction. Possessed of energy, with a quick eye and ready arm, and a devout worshipper of the South and her institutions—a bitter opponent of her enemies, a faithful friend, an indulgent father, an industrious man, a good citizen. In a word, he was "a noble specimen of God's masterly creation."

Thus fell, by an assassin's hand, a noble man! What, we ask, can repay his loss? The blood of the Murderer will not satisfy us! That would be placing too little an estimate on the life of our deceased friend. "*Blood for Blood!*"—but for each drop spilled, we shall require one hundred fold! For every honest man that is slain, let a score of Abolitionists suffer. We call for a settlement of this affair—let us make examples of such outlaws, and their sympathizers, until our fair Territory is ridden of such curses—until honest men can walk the streets of our towns without the fear of being attacked by Northern cut-throats and hired assassins; until our homes and firesides can be made secure from the torch of the incendiary, and our slaves be permitted to remain with us in quietude and contentment. As long as *one* Abolitionist remains in the Territory, such occurrences will be numerous, both here and in Missouri. Let us begin to purge ourselves of all Abolition emissaries who occupy our dominion, and give distinct notice that all who do not leave immediately for the East, WILL LEAVE FOR ETERNITY.—*Ibid.*

THE GOOD WORK PROGRESSING!—*Great excitement in Weston—An Abolitionist Tarred, Feathered and rode on a Rail.*—By a passenger from Weston, we learn the following facts in regard to the lynching of an Abolitionist in that place. It seems that a man by the name of Phillips, who has been residing at Leavenworth, K. T., for some time, made himself quite odious to the good citizens of that place. He is distinguished for his boldness in proclaiming Abolition doctrines, and is said to be the man who placed the pistol in the hands of McCrea, to kill Malcolm Clark. He was taken over to Weston, on Thursday last, where tar and feathers were convenient, and lynched. We are told he presented a hideous appearance with his new suit on, and complained bitterly of the roughness of his ride on the rail. It is needless to say that we are opposed to lynch Law (the old song), but we believe this case is an exception. Here is an instance where there is justice in Lynching. There is no other Law to punish Abolitionists; and until one is provided by the statutes of Kansas and Missouri, we shall not denounce such proceedings. "Let justice be done though the Heavens should fall."—*Ibid.*

THE STANDARD.

SPEECHES

AT THE

NEW ENGLAND ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION.

SPEECH OF MRS. ROSE.

MR. PRESIDENT AND FRIENDS: It give me unspeakable pleasure to have the opportunity to make my voice heard here before you in behalf of human freedom. It gives me, indeed, great satisfaction to be able to enter my protest against that terrible scourge that afflicts, not only the coloured slave, nor, indeed, the South, but which afflicts the whole United States of America. It gives me great gratification in being able to do my duty in entering my protest against that eternal crime against humanity—the holding of a man as a slave; and also against that great, incomprehensible inconsistency, that slavery should exist in a country that calls itself a Republic.

Mr. Higginson well vindicated here the position of Russia. Truth is consistent; Error is always inconsistent. Truth is a unit, consistent with itself, and consistent with every other truth. And as Truth is, so also is Freedom. Human freedom, also, is a unit, and consistent with itself; and where freedom is, slavery cannot be. In comparing the two countries, Russia and America!—alas! that we should be able to institute a comparison between such a dark and benighted land with one that calls itself a Republic—yet, sad as the fact is, it is nevertheless true that, in instituting a comparison between the two countries, Russia, dark and benighted as she is, much as she oppresses man, we at least must give her the credit of consistency, for she professes no freedom; while here, with all the glorious professions of republicanism and freedom, the whole land is cursed with the most odious system of slavery. I remember I was but a little child, hardly able to understand the import of words, that I had already listened to those who pronounced it the Republic of the United States of America; and even then, though entirely unable to appreciate the import, the nobility of it, yet, somehow or other, it touched a vibrating chord in my heart, and I thought, if I lived to grow up a woman, O how I should like to see *a Republic!* (Applause.) I did grow up, and attained that great hope; and, friends, I well remember—I doubt whether I shall ever forget—the sensations and emotions I experienced when I first placed my foot on the soil of a Republic; nay, more, the first Fourth of July that I spent here. Why, everything in nature appeared to have changed and become superior. The sun shone brighter; the trees looked more beautiful; the grass looked greener; the birds sang sweeter; all the beauties of nature became enhanced in my estimation, for I viewed them all through the beautiful rainbow colours of human freedom (loud cheers). Alas! I little knew then what I should experience, if I remained longer. Had I left this country on the fifth of that July, I should have gone away with the glorious emotion that there was one spot of earth on the whole globe where a man may stand and call himself fully and entirely his own. But I remained here too long; and what a change has "come over the spirit of my dreams"! All the enchantments have disappeared, one by one. Not, indeed, the enchantments of what a Republic ought to be, or the beauties that would result from a true Republic, but the enchantments of the idea that there was such a Republic in this new world. Instead of the poor fugitive from the old world coming to this place of refuge, and calling himself a freeman, we have to send the poor fugitive from the new world to the old, to an aristocratic, monarchical government, and there, however oppressed he may be in many instances, at least he may call himself, his wife and children—except, indeed, in Russia—his own.

It gives me no pleasure, I assure you, my friends, to dwell upon the dark side of humanity. I wish I could always dwell upon the bright and fair side; but facts and truth always demand plain utterance. This country has sent forth to the world a great and glorious truth—that eternal truth of the equality of men, upon which the Declaration of Independence is based—that "all men are created equal, and endowed with an inalienable right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." That declaration, wafted, like a bright vision of hope, on the breezes of heaven, to the remotest parts of the earth, to whisper freedom and equality to the down-trodden millions of men. And yet, while that declaration is thus wafted by the genius of freedom all over the earth, here, under its shadow, the children that have been born and brought up here are subjected to dark and bitter bondage. This country, therefore, stands before the moral consistency of the world, to be judged thereby. From monarchical and despotic countries we do not expect much; but those countries have a right to hold you to your professions. The Quakers say that according to the light you possess is the demand made upon you. It is a true and correct saying. According to your professions, we have a right to hold you responsible; and, therefore, this country stands responsible for its false and hypocritical professions, without carrying out the great, eternal truth of the equality of man (cheers).

You know all about the evils of slavery. It would be presumption, as well as folly, in me, even to attempt to describe what slavery is. No man can place himself so entirely in the position of the slave as adequately to describe the horrors of that relation. He only who has experienced them, and who has felt, at the same time, the flame of freedom burning within him, can tell what slavery is. I have heard many eloquent speeches from this platform, and from other anti-slavery platforms, but I was never so affected as I was, this morning, by the few simple words that fell from the lips of ANTHONY BURNS (applause). He stood here as a living, breathing, moving witness of the great iniquity of slavery. Only one year ago, he was doomed to slavery once more; and were it not that a few benevolent men were untiring and persistent in their determination to rescue him, cost what it would, Anthony Burns would not have been here this morning to give his evidence, as he did, to the large audience, that, slave as he was, crushed and oppressed as he was, chained, not only in body, but also in mind, nevertheless he was a MAN; for there was the love of freedom, and the determined purpose to achieve it, whenever the opportunity was afforded. And when he told of the pleasure he felt in being able to stand here, I appreciated it, I felt it; it touched my heart as no other speech, no matter from whose eloquent lips it fell, had ever touched me, and confirmed me in my estimation of the depth of infamy involved in keeping human beings in the darkness of bondage.

Who can tell what Anthony Burns might have been, had he been deemed free from the moment he drew his first breath? How often do we hear the South say that slaves are not the same as white men—that they are not human beings! Why, it is only as if it were yesterday that any portion of the slaveholders—and not only the slaveholders at the South, but the slaveholders at the North—acknowledged that the coloured man is a human being at all. And there are many now who take that position. Even scientific men have come down from the glorious heights of science low enough to be bought by Southern gold, and endeavour to prove that the coloured man is a different being from the white man, and therefore it is right to hold him as a slave. I will not attempt to enter into any consideration of this subject, for there is no need of it. Like or unlike, he is a human being; and I will use the same argument with regard to him that I use when pleading—no, not when pleading—when *claiming* the rights of woman. Like or unlike, he is a human being, and entitled to all the rights that humanity can bestow and man can enjoy (applause). It is worse than time lost to enter into any such consideration, because human rights do not depend on the shade of colour; they do not even depend on a somewhat different construction, or somewhat different shape of body, or somewhat different shape of mind. I will say of the slave, as I often say when claiming the rights of women—humanity recognises no colour; mind recognises no colour; pleasure or pain, happiness or misery, life or death, recognises no colour. Like the white man, the coloured man comes involuntarily into existence. Like him, he possesses physical, mental and moral powers, upon the proper cultivation of which depends his highest happiness. Like him, he is subject to all the vicissitudes of life. Like him, when he breaks the laws of his being, he has to pay the penalty. Like him, when he breaks the laws of the land, he has to endure the punishment. Like him, he ought to enjoy or suffer—but he only suffers—with the prosperity or adversity of his country; and therefore, like him, he ought to have all the rights and all the privileges that the country can bestow (loud applause). Is that any more than any man ought to claim, and ought any man to be satisfied with less?

But if it be a fact that the colour of a man, that his having been born in a certain geographical position, gives another man the right to enslave him, I would say, as I often say when advocating the equality of the sexes, why not reverse the order, and let the *white* man know what it is to be subject to eternal bondage? Let not this bondage remain only with the black man.

I have named here none of the evils of slavery. It were vain for me to attempt to do so. You can all understand it as well as I can, as I have never been in the position of a slave. It not only deprives a human being of his own identity, of his own person, but it subjects him eternally to the bitter degradation of bodage. I need not tell you of the pangs and misery caused by slavery, arising from the fact that the nearest and dearest bonds are severed and broken asunder. I need not depict before your eyes the fact that parents and children are placed alternately on the auction-block, and they are bid off and knocked down like merchandise, and then separated, never again to behold each other. I will not repeat these things, for you know them too well.

As I said before, the curse of slavery is not confined to the poor black victim alone; but, my friends, the whole country is cursed by slavery. The Southern white population are cursed by it; and so much is my mind of a universal tendency, that while I deprecate slavery and slaveholding, while all my sympathies gush forth for the poor slave, I cannot withhold some pity and commiseration for the slaveholder too; for it is an eternal principle of right that the evil-doer shall be punished by the evil he inflicts upon others; and terribly cursed and punished is the South by the evil they inflict upon the poor slave, by a violation of all human rights, by a violation of the dearest principles of humanity.

I will not enter into an explanation here of the various ways in which the South is cursed through slavery. The very soil knows it; hence the necessity for a constant endeavour to obtain the accession of new soil; for without it, they cannot live. Their industry shows it; for wherever slavery exists, industry is looked upon with contempt. Wherever slavery exists, labour is degraded. Wherever slavery exists, the mind, not only of the slave, but of the tyrant slaveholder, is prostrated and degraded. And this influence affects not only the South, not only the slaveholder and the slave, but it extends to the North. The evil of slavery has shown itself of late yet more distinctly than ever before. I heard Mr. Foster say, this morning, that he was glad when the Fugitive Slave bill was passed, and he seemed to rejoice that the influence of slavery was beginning to be better understood than formerly. I, too, rejoice in it. Wherever there is a disease in the system, it is always better to have it thrown to the surface than to have it confined internally, for two reasons; one is, it shows the strength of nature to throw it off; and the other is, to give the skilful physician a better knowledge how to attack the cause of the disease.

Slavery has shown itself distinctly within the last five years. Until that time, it was more confined to the South; at any rate, we did not so distinctly perceive it here at the North. At the time when the Fugitive Slave bill was enacted, it commenced showing itself out on the surface. I was one of those who, at that time, did not understand its bearings. I deeply deplored that the disease existed here at all. I deeply deplored the fact that slavery cursed the land; but I said at the time, I am glad that the disease is coming to the surface; I am glad it is beginning to encroach more and more upon the North. It seems to be the fact that a man can never appreciate a thing so well until it is brought home to himself. That Fugitive Slave bill brought the subject home to tens of thousands in the falsely so-called free States. I say *falsely so-called*, for if they were truely free, there would be no slavery in this country. If they were truly free, they could have no union or *communion* with slavery, for freedom and slavery can no more exist together than truth and falsehood. Is it all true or all false; all free or all slave; and as we are not all free, we are all slaves, and we are all slaveholders to some extent; at any rate, in aiding and abetting, unless we raise our voice against it, and use the utmost efforts in our power to disunite, to break that unholy Union—for it is not a righteous Union—of wickedness, of crime, of sin and of shame. A Union of freedom and slavery cannot exist, any more than fire and water.

When the South took the second great step to encroach upon the North, I hailed it as the forerunner of freedom—that was the Nebraska bill. Whatever the Union might have been before that bill was passed, the slender thread which held it together is now snapped asunder—and who has done it? Did the Abolitionists, the Disunionists, snap that thread asunder? That slender link which once held the Union together is broken—who broke it? The South. The infamy—if infamy there is to be attached to the dissolution of this Union—will be attached to the South; for it was the South, or Southern slavery, that snapped the link; and the snapping of that link is the surest forerunner of the dissolution of that false, corrupt Union, where there is no liberty and no humanity (applause).

My friends, I was not always of this opinion. Not more than a year ago last March, I was in Washington, and, while there, I spoke on the Nebraska bill. When I went to the lecture room, I had no idea that I was a Disunionist; I never knew it; I never suspected it. But while there, in speaking of the Nebraska bill, I endeavoured to find some reasons to show why the Union need not be dissolved, and yet slavery be abolished—for I have been anti-slavery all my life-time. While I thus endeavoured to find the reason and suggest the means for abolishing slavery, without dissolving the Union, I convinced myself of the impossibility of it, and I said so at the time; for, like a true Quaker, I always depend upon the "moving of the Spirit" for the time being; and whatever comes into my mind, I give utterance to it; and when I went home from that lecture, I said to a friend of mine, "If I have not succeeded in convincing any one else, I have succeeded—and I am happy to know it—in convincing myself" (loud cheers).

Yes, my friends, we often hear it said, by politicians, Free Soilers and others, that there is no need to dissolve the Union, because the Constitution of the United States is not a pro-slavery, but an anti-slavery, instrument. I will not enter into any discussion on this point. I will simply say, "Take your alternative and abide by the consequences. If, on the other side, the Constitution is a pro-slavery instrument, then it is not fit for a republic, and therefore must be annulled, and a free Constitution formed. But of course the South will not submit to this, and therefore there will be a dissolution of the Union." If, on the other side, the Constitution is an anti-slavery instrument, then, in the name of mercy, how dare the South call for the protection of the General Government in the nefarious traffic in slaves? This would be the surest way to dissolve the Union; and, sir, I would say to those Free Soilers who insist that the Constitution is an anti-slavery instrument, that I am glad to hear it. If it is an anti-slavery instrument, then rescue it from the hands of the slaveholders, and say to them, "You must abolish slavery, or you cannot come under the banner of the Republic, which is based on this instrument—the Constitution of the country" (cheers). So, in either case, whether it is a pro-slavery or an anti-slavery instrument, by that instrument itself, Disunion must come. There can be no union between freedom and slavery, unless, indeed, we are prepared to unite more fully with the South, and go more deeply into slavery than we have ever gone before; and then, at any rate, we shall be more consistent than we have ever been heretofore.

In conclusion, Mrs. Rose said she went for human freedom, irrespective of sex, or sect, or colour, or country—*Know-Nothings* to the contrary notwithstanding. She said there was slavery in Massachusetts, instancing our Sabbatical laws and the law excluding certain persons from the witness-stand on account of their belief, as proofs of her assertion, and earnestly appealed to the audience to labour for the abrogation of these oppressive enactments, and to secure the broadest mental liberty for all mankind.

WENDELL PHILLIPS, on taking the platform, was enthusiastically greeted by the expectant audience.

SPEECH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS.

The speech, ladies and gentlemen, to which we have just listened has Waldo Emerson's attribute of eloquence—it has *a life behind it*. What we have to do at the North is, to feel our souls our own (applause)—to dare to think independently of institutions and majorities, and the old associations about us. The friend who has just taken her seat has taught us that lesson by a life that, before some of us had awakened to the duty of being free, was exerting its influence upon those about her. I am glad when she comes to the anti-slavery platform to give us the benefit of her clear insight, and her long example. They are the veteran troops of reform and free thought, that form the basis of every movement for the bettering of the race.

It was a sad anecdote that Mr. Higginson related to us, interesting and touching as it was, of John Davis—his last words—his death-bed words, politically considered. All men get to be honest when they get to be old; when they have outlived the temptations of ambition, the influence of wealth, the fear of man. It was the last days of the life of Adams that were heroic. The noon-day of life, the maturity of manhood, were passed in the service of capital and of party. It was on what was fated to be almost his death-bed that he undertook to say to Charles Sumner, "I should like to teach this Mr. Daniel Webster that there is something more valuable than the Union—it is JUSTICE" (applause). It takes eighty years to find it out in this country. It takes eighty years to find it out, except on such maxims as the friend has just given to us—*think for yourselves—have a free soul, at least!* For fifteen, for twenty years, these anti-slavery meetings have been held in the city of Boston. It is a singular fact—so singular, that it is worth noting—that on this platform, no clergyman of this city, of any clerical reputation, has ever been seen to stand. Within these twenty years, no officer of Massachusetts, of any grade whatever, no man of any wealth, no man who represents anything that has present influence and position in the community, has stood here. Twenty long years has the anti-slavery movement stood before Boston, and on its platform neither the clergy, nor the legal profession, nor the bench, nor the legislature, nothing that the world calls great or succesful, has ever appeared, except with such very infinitessimal exceptions that they are not worth noting.

Mr. HIGGINSON—HENRY WILSON has been here.

Mr. PHILLIPS—Yes, but he is the exception; and, in the inference I am about to draw from that fact, this exception is not worth noting. He is the single exception that proves the rule. He is the single exception that shows us the first droppings of that flood which is to deluge the land—the first ray of light that is breaking over the mountains. But, in the meanwhile, for twenty years, these doors have been opened, this platform has been spread, but not one of the clergy of the city—I am not now speaking of the country—not one of the clergy of the city, known as such—I am not speaking of THEODORE PARKER, for, as my friend said of *The Liberator*, he does not belong to the clergy, but to mankind (loud cheers)—not one of these orders or professions has ever been here; nothing that capital makes, nothing that literature makes, nothing that law makes, nothing that government makes, has ever been here. Is not that enough to show that all the forces which create and mould society are opposed to the Anti-Slavery movement? It is not to this form of the movement, simply, that this opposition is displayed; it is not merely that slavery is an unfelt or insignificant evil that this indifference is shown. Beacon street rocked to its foundations with shame and silent rage when Anthony Burns was in Boston Court-House; why did not Beacon street *do* something when the week was past? State street growled loudly at being kept from paying its notes when the soldiers filled the sidewalks on the second day of June; why did not State street *do* something about slavery?—if it could not do it here, do it elsewhere? What is it that eats up Massachusetts, its bone and muscle—every thing that is the flower of the State (as the flower is commonly considered)? The slave element, which is the nucleus of all our institutions. This simple fact reveals the potency of that element, and lets us into the philosophy of the speech of Mr. HIGGINSON and Mrs. ROSE—the necessity of radical disunion, separation—the danger in union, the safety in separation.

Are we never to learn any thing from the past? Are twenty years thrown away upon us? It is not the little men, the odious men, the vulgar men, who have frightened these great people from the paramount question of the age. They would have come in, the WINTHROPS and the CHOATES, and swamped us by the very magnificence of their aid, long ago, if slavery had left them any soul with which to engage in the anti-slavery movement. It is not the movement, it is not the character of the men engaged in it, it is not the phrases STEPHEN FOSTER uses, it is not the principles that we avow, it is not the measures we propose, that have frightened these men from this platform. We never have used a phrase, nor proposed a measure, nor announced a principle, for five years, that the community did not steal it from us at the end of that time, and claim it as their own; and ten years, five years hence, the community will claim Disunion as their own. I heard STEPHEN FOSTER twelve years ago, and he was not so harsh as CHARLES SUMNER at the Metropolitan Theatre the other night. CHARLES SUMNER would have stood aghast if, at that time, he had been told, "Thy servant shall be turned into STEPHEN FOSTER in 1855!" (Applause.)

The community travels upwards. The difficulty is not in phrases, nor in measures, nor in principles; it is in the hidden root out of which this State of ours has grown; and it is that which most clearly shows us why we need a dissolution of the Union—a change, utterly, of circumstances. It is a palace in which we live, this Union built by our fathers. Its noble walls, its stately columns, its vaulted roof, hung with lamps, if you please, precious beyond expression—I know it; but, at the same time, the Puritans gave us the talisman. It is Aladdin's lamp that makes palaces. It is free speech, free thought—the Yankee privilege of trampling upon pulpits, and statutes, and legislatures, and being his own Plymouth Rock in each generation (great applause).

Do you say, "Where shall Disunion begin?" It begins here, on any square foot of soil on which a man who means to resist unjust laws plants his foot. It begins in your house and in mine. When STEPHEN FOSTER said to-day, "I have opened my doors on this principle, I have set up my roof-tree on this principle, that I will yield no other protection to my own wife, to my own child, than I will yield to the fugitive slave who once stands beneath it," that was a dissolution of the American Union, so far as his house is concerned. Now, let us get up that principle, each man of us, house by house, street by street, town by town, county by county! Tear off something from this magnificent conspiracy against justice, and redeem a rood of land, if nothing more, to that liberty which Mr. HIGGINSON described to us. "How will you resist Louis the Fourteenth?" said some one to the Prince of Orange. "I will resist him ditch by ditch!" How shall we resist the Fugitive Slave law? Each one of us resist it man by man! (Loud cheers.) Consecrate your own houses to it! (Renewed cheering.) Determine that, no matter who is President at Washington, you will be President at home! (Enthusiastic applause.) Determine that, whatever protection you give to wife or daughter, you will give the same to the stranger that finds refuge beneath your roof! (Applause.) *That is dissolution!* You may begin it to-night. You may begin it anywhere. Drop by drop, we will flow together and make a State.

My friend HIGGINSON reminded me that HENRY WILSON will come here. Yes; as I said, it is the exception that proves the rule. Why does he come here? Because HENRY WILSON went into politics through the door of Anti-Slavery (applause). As CHARLES SUMNER said of his Commissionership, he "was a *man* before he was a *Commissioner*," so HENRY WILSON has always said—and it is my faith that he will act up to it to the end of his life, natural and official—that he was an *Abolitionist* before he was a Whig or Free Soiler (loud cheers). He is almost the only politician who can say as much. That is the reason why he comes here. As the giant with whom Hercules was struggling, when he found that his antagonist was gaining the advantage over him, besought Hercules that he might touch his mother earth again, and rise stronger to contend with the monster with which he was fighting, so he comes here to touch his mother earth (loud cheers). And I believe that just so soon as we shall create a State, or any portion of a State, however small, that will be willing to unfurl its banner against the United States government, we shall not have long to wait for that same "Natick Cobbler" before he gives us his assistance (cheers). But, deluded, as I think, by party policy, which misleads him, he has gone off, leaving to us the regeneration of that public sentiment which is the best lever—lever and fulcrum at once—to move the country.

Mr. PHILLIPS concluded by inviting all to be present to-morrow, when the Disunion question would be discussed, and give not only their audience, but their voices, that they might be able to create a unanimous public sentiment throughout Massachusetts, to make her indeed a free and sovereign State within her borders (loud cheers).

SPEECH OF WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON,

ON THE DISSOLUTION OF THE UNION.

MR. CHAIRMAN: At the close our forenoon session, I submitted the following resolution to the Convention:

Resolved, That the American Union is the supremacy of the bowie-knife, the revolver, the slave-driver's lash, and lynch law, over freedom of speech, of the press, of conscience, of locomotion, in more than one half the nation—and the degrading vassalage of the entire North to the accursed Slave Power; that no other Union has existed since the adoption of the United States Constitution; that such a Union is to be resisted, denounced and abandoned, by every lover of liberty, until its utter overthrow shall be consummated; and that, to effect this glorious object, there should be one united shout of "*No Union with Slaveholders, religiously or politically!*"

It will be in order, at this time, to pursue the discussion of this subject. I desire to make a few remarks upon some of the positions taken, this forenoon, by some of our friends who are not yet prepared to join us, in seeking the overthrow of the American Union.

I give full credit to those gentlemen as desiring to do all they can to liberate those in bonds. They mean to be the truest of the true. They mean to pursue such a course as, in their judgment, they think will best subserve the anti-slavery cause. I grant to them, therefore, all that they claim on the score of purity of motive and benevolence of heart. At the same time, I must express my astonishment that they seem unable, as yet, to comprehend the issue we make before the country; that they fail to appreciate the deep conscientiousness, the high sense of duty, the imperative moral obligation, which are involved in our minds in this question of dissolving the existing bonds between the North and the South. My esteemed friend, Mr. WASSON, deemed it not worth while for us, who are Disunionists, any longer to occupy such a position.

the foreign slave trade nationalized, and prosecuted for twenty years under our star-spangled banner. I want to know where the man is, who will stand up and deny it. I have never yet met him. No man doubts it; no man denies it. Now, would it not be trifling with the common sense of this nation to say—"I defy you to prove that any agreement was ever made with regard to the foreign slave trade"? Literally, it cannot be done, because there was never a word inserted in the Constitution, expressly declaring that the foreign slave traffic might be prosecuted for a term of years. Nevertheless, the devil of slavery was hidden in it, in ambiguous terms; and the more hateful a devil, because robed in language quite unexceptionable. [Mr. PIERPONT—That devil has been cast out.] But we want to know whether that devil was ever there, and whether there are not other devils, concealed under equally ambiguous terms. I am glad that even one devil has been exorcised, though his reappearance is at this hour regarded as desirable, at the South, and is more than probable, at no distant day.

Now, my argument is this: It being admitted that this agreement respecting the foreign slave trade was made and fully executed, it shows, in the first place, that we were then a slaveholding nation; and it shows, secondly, that the Constitution did not abolish slavery, and was not designed to interfere with it, but rather furnish it with fresh victims for a long period, and provided national safeguards for its perpetuation. As it has never been altered in these particulars, it still remains "a covenant with death, and an agreement with hell."

I admit that there is not a word in the Constitution providing for a slave representation, in so many terms. The language is—"three fifths of all other persons"—after several classes have been mentioned. But will any man deny that that very clause meant the slave population? Did Washington, Jefferson, Sam Adams, John Hancock, Benjamin Franklin—did anybody, in any part of the country, at that time—regard it in any other light? Now to say that the men who made and administered the instrument, and the people who adopted it, did not know what they were about, or what they intended by it, is to say the absurdest thing in the world.

So, when we come to the article respecting "persons held to service or labour" escaping from one State into another, it is true that it does not *say* "slaves," but it *meant* slaves, meant nothing else but slaves; and the design and spirit, not the mere letter of the agreement, constitute in all good faith its binding obligation. It is no answer to say that, being an immoral contract, it is null and void. The question is, can we swear to execute it? Is it not included in the general oath?

Here let me bring a parallel case. It is argued that the Constitution is unexceptionable in its language; that it gives no countenance whatever to slavery; and, therefore, that we ought not to repudiate it, but use it as an anti-slavery instrument. I want those who reason thus to be consistent. There is, for instance, what is called the Fugitive Slave bill. Now, I know none more ready to denounce that bill as infernal than our friends here who dissent from our construction of the Constitution. It is a bill which has caused even this wicked nation to shudder; it has sent a thrill of horror throughout the civilized world. But what is the meaning of all this? What a grand mistake the country and the civilized world have made! For there never has been a Fugitive Slave bill passed by Congress! I might stand here, and gravely attempt to prove this, by the rules of logic, and grammar, and criticism, and an appeal to the "higher law." On what ground? Because, in the Fugitive Slave bill, *so-called*, there is not one single exceptionable word! It is the very language of our *anti-slavery* Constitution, from beginning to end! Yet, if I were to argue in this manner, what would be thought of my intelligence or candour? How is it, then, that our dissenting friends can denounce the bill as demoniacal, thought there is not a word in it about capturing a fugitive *slave*, and then turn round and pronounce a glowing eulogy on the Constitution of the United States, when it is precisely the language of the Fugitive Slave bill? (Loud cheers.)

Now, I like to see men consistent. I like to see them march up to their own standard. If this is a matter of verbal criticism, be it so to the end! I want our friends PIERPOINT and WASSON to thank God that Congress did not succeed in passing a Fugitive Slave bill, though that body meant to do so. I want them to carry out their own theory, and say, "The framers of the Constitution, whatever their intentions, did not succeed in getting slavery into it, and we will not put it in there; Congress failed to get it into the Fugitive Slave bill (falsely so called), and it is not for us to wrest its language so as to make it applicable to fugitive slaves. Both are to be interpreted favourable to liberty."

Mr. PIERPONT—I carry out my theory thus: Void as the clause in the Constitution is, upon which the Fugitive Slave bill professes to be based, the bill itself is utterly ineffectual, for two reasons: first, because it is a violation of natural rights on the part of the slave, and therefore of no force as a law; and secondly, because it is in direct conflict with another clause of the Constitution, which provides for the judiciary part of the government, which part declares that all judicial power shall be vested in judges nominated by the President and confirmed by the Senate. Here is a Court which the Constitution does not recognise, but which it has especially prohibited. That Court is as great a violation of the Constitution as it is in the power of man to make.

C. C. BURLEIGH—This is not the point. How comes it to pass that the Fugitive Slave Act, so called, *is known to be a Fugitive Slave Act?* How comes it that our friend argues against it as a Fugitive Slave Act, when it uses the language of the Constitution?

Mr. PIERPONT—I do not say that it *does* mean fugitive slaves. The grammar says that he shall *not* be given up, though he be a fugitive slave. I say that is an assumption of the Slave Power, which it makes in direct violation of the principles of construction of law. It is a violation of the great principle upon which contracts are construed, namely, that they must have a consideration. Then, again, it is a violation of natural right, and therefore void. But now, after we have shown that part of the Constitution to be a nullity, we are required to look this Fugitive Slave bill in the face, and call it an Act, and act as if it were binding! When I have abolished a thing, in God's name, and in the name of common sense, do not ask me to treat it as a living thing! (Applause.)

Mr. GARRISON—I submit that the point has not been met. It seems to me very clear and very simple, but I may be confused. It is fair to measure our friends by their own standard, if they are unwilling to be measured by ours. Now, we are met broadly, in our interpretation of the Constitution, with the assertion that, according to the language of that instrument, nothing of a pro-slavery character is to be found in it; that we must adhere to the letter thereof, and not travel out of the record; and that we have nothing to do with the intentions of those who framed it. Well, if this position is good in that direction, it is good in another; and what I was endeavouring to show was, that *the Fugitive Slave bill is expressed from beginning to end, in the language of the Constitution;* and that, therefore, there never has been such a bill passed, if there has never been a pro-slavery Constitution adopted. If that is not perfectly logical, I do not know how to put premise and conclusion together.

Mr. PIERPONT—I will show that it is not. Mr. Garrison says that the Fugitive Slave law, as it is called, cannot be known to be such, except through the language of the Constitution, which is the very language in which the subject of that law is described. Well, so far, admit the premises. Now, he proves this law to be constitutional, and to be known to be a Fugitive Slave law, because the language in which the subject of the law is described is precisely the same as the language of the United States Constitution; therefore, the Constitution must be a pro-slavery instrument. Now, let me show the fault of the logic. The Fugitive Slave Act is known to be such, because the subject of that act is described in the language of the clause in the Constitution providing for the return of fugitive slaves, by the admission of our friend on the other side. I admit that this Fugitive Slave Act is known to be intended as such; I admit that the subject of the Act is described in the terms of the section of the Constitution—Art. 2, Sec. 4. Now, does it follow that the Constitution is a pro-slavery instrument, when I have shown that the very clause of the Constitution on which alone the Fugitive Slave bill is based is not the Constitution; that, though written with that which is the Constitution, it is itself a nullity? That section may be good, if it is intended under it to return fugitives, apprentices, redemptionists or minors; but it construed as referring to fugitive slaves, it is fundamentally and immedicably dead, because in violation of natural right—the "higher law." It never had any vitality, it never can have any vitality, as a law; and all the parties making and adopting it knew that it never had, and never could have, any vitality, because, at that very time, these great principles of construction were all settled. There were great lawyers in the Convention that adopted the Constitution, and they knew, in their own souls, that there could be no validity in that clause. Then, I say, the logic is false, because it takes the clause which, although embodied in the Constitution, was, is, ever has been, and ever must be, a total nullity as a law for the government of human beings, and judges the whole instrument by that; and I say that, to judge the whole Constitution, in which there are hundreds of provisions, by the single provision which we prove to be nothing, is, to my mind, not logic.

Mr. GARRISON—We are talking about language now—about the meaning of words—not about the "higher law." Let us keep to the point. If the objection to our position is, that the language of the Constitution is unexceptionable in regard to liberty, and therefore we ought not to construe it in a pro-slavery sense, then we turn to those who take this ground, and ask—"Has there been a Fugitive *Slave* bill adopted by Congress?" Their answer is, "Yes"—and they go on to express their horror and indignation in view of the fact. Judging them by their own rules of interpretation, we ask them when and where such a bill has been passed; we challenge them to prove their assertion; and they are dumb! Their very logic—I call it sophistry—is fatal to their position. For if they say the Fugitive Slave bill was *designed* to mean the recapture of fugitive slaves, and is therefore properly designated as such—very well—so does the Constitutional provision mean, and was *designed* to mean, precisely the same thing; for the language is the same in both cases. Against the logic, and rhetoric, and grammar, of my respected friend, as to what the Constitution is, I put the uniform judgment and action of this nation for sixty-five years. Every State Legislature is against him; every State Court is against him; all the District Courts of the United States are against him; the Supreme Court of the United States, the Constitutional expounder of the instrument, is against him. Every thing is against him, from beginning to end. The people cannot have erred in so grave a matter; they have neither been deceived nor deluded; the hearts of the nation have been inexorably cruel and tyrannical toward the coloured population, whether bond or free; and it is useless to deny the fact. "Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?" "Can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit?"

Mr. Chairman, I believe, in my heart and conscience—I cannot believe otherwise, in view of the history of this country, the character of the people, and their treatment of the coloured population for two hundred years—I believe that, in the formation of the Constitution, provision was made, in deceitful phraseology, for the continuance of the foreign slave trade for twenty years; for a slave representation in Congress; for the recapture of fugitive slaves; and for the suppression of domestic insurrection in the slave States. That is my judgment of it, and I claim that conscience ought to be respected on this platform. What shocks me is, that while we avow it as our belief, that we should sin against God, and be false to liberty, if we took part in this government, we are still asked to override conscience, to abandon our ideas of duty, for the sake of casting a ballot! If, in our belief, that ballot is stained with the blood of the slave, how can we touch it? We are not allowed to take an oath that we will support the Constitution as far as we can conscientiously. We are as much bound to support one portion of it, in good faith, as another; or else we must refuse to take the oath, and so avoid perjury. Now, I go from place to place, and plead the cause of "the suffering and the dumb" in the land. I stand as the humble representative of those who cannot speak for themselves. The people have a right to examine me, to see if I "remember those in bonds as bound with them"; or whether I am compromising their rights for any purpose, or on any pretence, however plausible. Well, under the Constitution, the following is the obligation imposed upon me as a voter: "Will you swear that slaveholders, because they are slaveholders, shall have extraordinary political power in Congress, in proportion to the number of slaves that they can breed or steal?" No; before God, I cannot do it! Therefore, I put my foot upon it, as I would upon a reptile. I cannot take the oath to conform to whatever is good in the Constitution, because I cannot take this damning iniquity with it.

Again: "Will you swear that no slave shall find a refuge on any part of the American soil?—that even on Bunker Hill he shall not stand in safety from his pursuers?" No! rather let my right hand perish, and let a thunderbolt from heaven smite me to the dust!

"Will you swear that, should the slaves rise up, in imitation of our revolutionary fathers, and seek to secure their freedom by the sword, the entire military and naval power of the country shall be pledged to the oppressors, to put the insurgents back into their chains, or into a bloody grave?" No! I would as soon deny my God; I would as soon commit suicide; ay, a thousand times sooner (loud cheers).

So, then, there is an insurmountable barrier in the way, which prevents me from taking the oath of allegiance: it is conscience. Away with the oath—it is immoral! Away with the Constitution—it smells of blood!

Let me say, Mr. Chairman, that I should feel none the less called upon to cry, "*No Union with Slaveholders!*" even if the language and object of the Constitution were entirely unobjectionable. We are dealing with a ferocious oligarchy, rather than with a dry parchment. We are ruled by the Slave Power more absolutely than were the colonies by George the Third. It is infatuation to think of preserving our liberties in alliance with that Power. Nor may we hope to bring it to terms. In one thing, at least, let us imitate the example of our revolutionary sires. Of what did they complain? Of parliamentary oppression, of kingly usurpation, of taxation without representation; not of Magna Charta, not of the British Constitution—for to the spirit and provisions of these they appealed in self-defence, until endurance ceased to be a virtue. They declared that the time had come for separation—that "when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is the right, it is the duty of the people to throw off such government, and to provide new guards for their future security." They did not say, "We can do better than to secede: let us wait for the repeal of these oppressive enactments: the British Constitution is still ours—Magna Charta and the Common Law still remain, and shall yet be vindicated: other parliaments are to be elected: let us bide our time under the wing of the mother country." No! But so reasoned the tories of that day (I mean nothing invidious by the reference), and denounced the proposition for colonial secession as the wildest fanaticism. Had their counsel prevailed, where would have been Bunker Hill, and Lexington, and Concord, in history—where the Independence of America? Our fathers were men of practical good sense. They had to deal with an overshadowing despotism, against which parchment was powerless, and the Constitution a straw. And so they "acquiesced in the necessity which denounced their separation," and "solemnly published and declared that these United Colonies were, and of right ought to be, free and independent States; that they were absolved from all allegiance to the British crown; and that all the connection between them and the State of Great Britain was, and ought to be, totally dissolved." Under the domination of the Slave Power, we of the North cannot do better than to imitate their example. As in their case, so in ours—patience, forbearance, expostulation, will avail nothing. If we mean to be freemen, we can never strike hands with those who make merchandise of their fellow-men. The exactions which they demand of us renders this impossible.

We are asked, "How is the dissolution of the Union to be effected? Give us your plan!" My answer is, whenever THE PEOPLE are ready for Disunion, they will easily find out a way to effect it. When this sentiment shall spread like a flame, as I trust in God it will, through the length and breadth of the free States (cheers), the people will come together in their primary assemblies, and elect such men to represent them in General Convention as they may deem best qualified to devise ways and means for effecting a separation, and to frame a new government, free from the spirit of bondage. In that hour, they will not ask for any plan of mine, or any of my associates on this platform: we shall be as drops in the Atlantic ocean. The chain once broken, the EVERETTS, the CHOATES, the WINTHROPS, will then be as ready to obey the popular sentiment, and to take the lead in the cause of freedom, as they have hitherto been subservient to the will of the Slave Power. Our preliminary work is, not to construct a new government, but first of all to make every Northern man see and confess, that our boasted Union is a snare, a curse, and a degrading vassalage; in strict verity, that *there is no Union for freedom to be dissolved*, but ONE TO BE CREATED. For where is the man who will venture to deny any one of the allegations contained in the resolutions I have submitted to the Convention? Allow me to read it once more:

Resolved, That the American Union is the supremacy of the bowie-knife, the revolver, the slaveholder's lash, and lynch law, over freedom of speech, of the press, of conscience, of locomotion, in more than one half of the nation—[Is it not so?—"Yes, yes!"]—and the degrading vassalage of the entire North to the accursed Slave Power; [Is not that true?—"Yes, yes!"] that such a Union—[mark you! *such a Union*—not an ideal one—not something yet to be revealed]—that such a Union is to be resisted, denounced and repudiated, by every lover of liberty, until its utter overthrow shall be consummated; and that, to effect this glorious object, there should be one united shout of "*No Union with slaveholders, religiously or politically!*"

This declaration cannot be gainsayed. Let us, then, not waste our time in verbal criticism, or legal hair-splitting, as to the meaning of words. DOWN WITH SUCH A UNION! (Cheers, and a few hisses in the gallery.)

Mr. Chairman, this question does not concern me or the Abolitionists in particular; it concerns every one who means to be a MAN, and to carry a heart in his bosom—every Whig, every Democrat, every Know-Nothing, every Free Soiler. I take it for granted, whether they have any bowels of mercy for those in slavery or not, they mean to assert their own right to freedom of speech and locomotion, in every section of the land; or, if not, then they are dastards. Now, is this a right which they possess? Who, of them all, dares venture south of Mason and Dixon's line, and fearlessly rebuke the slaveholder to his face, and openly declare that his sympathies are with the enslaved? In vain shall he make his appeal to the "higher law"! The Southern substitute for this, in all such cases, is "lynch law." In vain shall he assert his constitutional right to speak his own sentiments; the Constitution is powerless! He will fare no better than the most radical Disunion Abolitionist. That being so, where is our Northern manhood? Do we always mean to cower under the Southern lash? Is it coolly said by any in reply, "*We* do not want to agitate the subject of slavery"? But what if you did? You cannot with impunity. Men are apt to change their minds; and the Whig, or Democrat, or Know-Nothing, who to-day cares nothing for those in bonds, may to-morrow feel constrained to plead their cause, even at the South. In that case, he too becomes an outlaw. Ay, the very men who bow down to the Slave Power here—who fill our pulpits and our editorial chairs—who denounce the anti-slavery movement as undeserving of any support or countenance—are themselves, *as the friends of impartial liberty*, as much outlaws in the South as any of us. Is such a Union to be perpetuated? By all that is just and equal, no!

Mr. Chairman, declamation and rhetoric, on so grave an issue, are worth little; but facts are irresistible. We are demanding extraordinary action of the people of the North; and, in order to induce them to take that action, boldly and understandingly, they need to be shown what are the real facts in the case, especially as affecting their own rights and liberties at the South.

Undeniably, it is a provision of the Constitution of the United States, that "the citizens of each State shall be entitled to all the privileges and immunities of citizens." There are no less than eight thousand recognised coloured "citizens" in Massachusetts, taxed and represented as such; many of them legal voters, eligible to every office in the gift of the people; all of them to be protected in their rights by the combined power of the Commonwealth, as much as ABBOTT LAWRENCE, or Chief Justice SHAW, or Governor GARDNER—for in Massachusetts one citizen is, by our Bill or Rights, equal to every other; and the faith of the whole people is pledged to stand by each other to the end. Now, there is not one of that large number of citizens who can enter the slave States, whether on business, or in quest of health and recreation, without subjecting himself to fine and imprisonment, and even a liability to be sold on the auction-block into perpetual slavery.

"Nor wife nor children more shall he behold,
Nor friends, nor sacred home."

The last number of the New York *Tribune* call the attention of the philanthropic to the fact, that two coloured citizens of New York are now lodged in jail, in Goochland County Virginia, and will be sold into slavery, unless persons who know to their being freemen testify to the fact. Their names are Henry Hin and Isaiah Broomfield. Besides the proof of freedom, money will be required to pay the jail fees of these men! "Both of these men were hands on board of a vessel which has broken the laws by entering the *royal* dominions of Democratic Virginia with free negroes on board." Within the last eighteen months, no less than three coloured seamen, who shipped from this port for Galveston (Texas), were thrust into prison on their arrival at that place, and, on pretence of having attempted to secrete a slave, were sold into life-long bondage, and have disappeared forever! What if this worse than murderous outrage had been done to ABBOTT LAWRENCE, to Judge SHAW, to Gov. GARDNER! Would not Faneuil Hall have rocked, and Bunker Hill thundered and lightened, with popular excitement? And why not these as well as the victims alluded to? What if Southern slaveholders should be prohibited, by a law of Massachusetts, from coming into this State? or, if disregarding the law, any should venture to come, and at once be seized, thrust into prison, compelled to pay the jail fees, and then be banished from the Commonwealth? How many days would transpire before the whole South would rise up as one man, and proclaim the Union at an end?

To show yet more plainly where we stand—to illustrate still further the spirit of our Southern masters—let me present some documentary evidence on this point.

First, I will read an extract from a recent letter of the Rev. Henry M. Denison, of Louisville, Ky. (a son-in-law of Ex-President Tyler), elicited by the fact that his female slave was declared free, in consequence of his bringing her into Ohio. He says:

"I know that personal rights are dearer to the people of the South than the barren glory derived from a union *with strangers*, from which too many already think they have nothing to gain, and much to lose. I know that this growing dissatisfaction is confined to no one class of men, but that it is shared in by the vicious and the virtuous, the rich and the poor, the cultivated and the ignorant; that it is found among professional men and mechanics, godless worldlings and devout Christians, lawyers, and merchants, and clergymen, and judges, and legislators of the State and Federal Governments. *The adherence of slaveholders to their rights of person and property is stronger than all their political preferences or combinations, whether as Whigs, Democrats, or Know-Nothings, or even as citizens of the United States.*"

Mark the language of this insolent divine—"a union *with strangers*," meaning the people of the free States! What beautiful fraternity! Mark, too, the declaration, that slavery is dearer to the South than all party ties, or even the Union itself.

Hear what the Richmond *Examiner* says of slavery—of its relation to the Union—and of the people of the North:

"Slavery is the one only and last bond that holds the bursting Union together. Look at the North—what a horrible home it presents! What an example of terrible, palpable, contemporary warning!—a wretched, miserable conglomeration of every sect, and clime, and people, and nation, under heaven—society utterly degraded, and disorganization universal. The mass of those who have no property legislate for those who have; all security for property is gone, and the society is scarcely comparable to that of the mongrel Mexican Indian and Spaniard. Would ye be like them. Then abolish slavery. Each day you are becoming more like them. Every other step has been taken, and the abolition of slavery alone is wanting, that you may be even as they are. But cherish and preserve this institution, and you may yet be saved. It is the last plank for the sinking Union to grasp; and, as 'while there is life there is hope,' it may yet bear the reeling Government safely into port."

And this is the estimation in which the freemen of the North are held by the slaveholding oligarchy of the South! This is the character drawn of their manners, morals, and social condition!

You have all read the particulars of the destruction of the Parkville (Missouri) *Luminary* by an armed mob—how that the press was thrown into the river, its editors narrowly escaped being lynched, and the following resolutions were adopted by the lawless villains of that place:

Resolved, 1. That the Parkville *Industrial Luminary* is a nuisance, which has been endured too long, and should now be abated.

2. That the editors, to-wit: George S. Park and W. J. Patterson, are traitors to the State and county in which they live, and should be dealt with as such.

3. That we meet here again, on this day three weeks, and if we find G. S. Park and W. J. Patterson in this town *then*, or at any subsequent time, we will throw them into the Missouri river, and if they go to Kansas to reside, *we pledge our honour as men*, to follow and hang them wherever we can take them.

4. That, at the suggestion of our Parkville friends, we will attend to some other Free Sollers not far off.

5. That we will suffer no person belonging to the Northern Methodist Church to preach in Platte County, after this date, under penalty of tar and feathers for the first offence, and a hemp rope for the second.

5. That we earnestly call on our sister counties throughout the State to raise in their might and clean themselves of Free Soilism.

What was the Parkville *Luminary*—a sheet imbued with an anti-slavery spirit? No—it occupied "conservative and national ground," and was opposed alike to the Abolitionists of the North and the Nullifiers of the South. Why was it destroyed? Simply because it had the manliness to protest against the ruthless invasion of Kansas, on the day of election, by the armed ruffians from Missouri. It dared to ask, "Is the flag of our country to be no longer a protection! or are individuals or companies of men to declare, WE WILL! and it must be so without regard to law?" And for this it was destroyed, and its proprietors compelled to flee for their lives! Glorious Union!

Another atrocious outrage has since been perpetrated. On the 17th of May, Mr. Phillips, of Fort Leavenworth, a Free Soiler, was decoyed to the bank of the Missouri river, where he was suddenly seized and forced into a skiff, and carried seven miles to Weston. An old warehouse stands just below the town; he was taken there, his head was shaved, his face blacked, he was tarred and feathered, and then ridden upon a rail through the streets of Weston, while music horrible and hideous, accompanied the proceedings. Before the hotel they exhibited him, and then a negro was compelled to sell him to the lowest bidder.

Here is what the Washington *Sentinel* says in regard to the next Congress:

"In the next House of Representatives the Abolitionists will have a majority. Should such a vile and infamous proposition be made; should the vote be taken; should that vote show a majority for the incendiaries of whom we have spoken—then, and we say it solemnly, we would not answer for the consequences. They would deserve, majority though they be, to be DRIVEN FROM THE HALL OF LEGISLATION, as Cromwell drove the corrupt men of his day from their seats in the Halls of English Legislation."

The Richmond *Enquirer*, in some furious comments upon the Massachusetts Personal Liberty Bill, backs up the lawless threat of the *Sentinel*, as follows:

"If the act of Massachusetts goes into effect, *it will be the duty of the South to resist the entrance of the members of either branches of Congress from the State into the Capitol*, until it is expunged from her code book! The South remains in its bearings to the North precisely where it stood when Washington first entered upon his Presidential duties. It has never been guilty of the slightest aggression on any one of the so-called free States. (!!!) From this position it must not swerve a line. The metropolis of the Republic located within its limits. THAT METROPOLIS IT MUST CONTROL, *and expel therefrom the Goths and Vandals who are undermining our great political edifice. No member of either House who comes from a State which sets at defiance a constitutional provision, or a law palpably in conformity with that constitutional provision, should be permitted to take his seat.*"

"To this complexion it has come at last." Down with this slaveholding Union!

Finally, listen to the honest avowal of the Charleston *Mercury*:

"From the origin of the Government to the present time, the antagonism between the North and the South has been steadily developing itself in all the departments of feeling and of thought—in sundering religious associations, controlling literature, and embittering section against section. To counteract this antagonism, all sorts of expedients have been tried. Party organizations, patched up truces and shallow compromises, have all had their day, and have all fallen beneath the violence of an inborn, incurable, hopeless malady. *The North and the South were never one people, and nothing can ever make them so.*

The last declaration is as true as it is frank, and covers the whole ground. Meeting the issue here presented, with an unfaltering spirit, once more I give to the winds the rallying-cry, "NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS, RELIGIOUSLY OR POLITICALLY!" (Cheers.)

REMARKS OF REV. SAMUEL J. MAY,

OF SYRACUSE, N. Y.

IF I understood my friend, Mr. PIERPONT, he rested his argument touching the article in the Constitution in regard to "fugitives from labour" upon the ground that it was an immoral and unlawful act, and therefore not binding upon any one; but does he not know that the slaveholders do not so regard it?

Mr. PIERPONT—That is their fault.

Mr. MAY—Does not my friend know that the laws of the nation do not so regard it? Certainly he does, for I know it, and he knows much more of law than I do. Does he not know that many moralists have not regarded slaveholding as sin? Certainly he does; and I can tell you that, even now, there are thousands and tens of thousands who do not regard slaveholding as a sin. This morning, at a meeting where I expected my friend PIERPONT to preside, we had an interesting discussion, which brought to his feet a young Virginian there; and he said, with an emphasis that I hardly expected from him, "You are all wrong in thinking that the people of the South regard slavery as a sin. Many of them regard it as an evil, but none of them are conscious of its sinfulness. I have recently been through Virginia; I have conversed with persons of all classes and conditions, for the purpose of ascertaining what were their sentiments on this subject; and I assure you, I did not meet with a single individual who regarded slavery as a sin, morally." The pressure on his own soul led our brother to say, further, that nothing will induce the South to believe it a sin until the North treat it as though they regarded it as such. I have seldom been impressed as I was by the remarks of that young man. I knew what sacrifices he himself, though a Virginian, had made to the anti-slavery cause. By his fidelity to his convictions, he had forfeited the friendship of his family and relatives, and had for some time been excluded from his native State; and the tale he told us thrilled my soul as it had not been thrilled before. It seems to me that none of us fully realize the sinfulness of slaveholding; I am sure I do not. I can show, sir, what our feeling ought to be, by supposing a case. Imagine, if you can—and it is within the reach of the imagination, for there is nothing in our Constitution that touches the religious character of any of its constituents—suppose that a portion of the States belonging to this Union should be idolators, and held that the worship of their idol consisted in sacrifices of human beings, and that all of a certain complexion, or who had red hair or blue eyes, were to be so devoted—and suppose it was understood by this people that their religious opinions and rights should be respected, and that if any of that description of persons should escape, and find refuge in our midst, they should be retaken—I ask you how we should act with reference to such an enormity as that? Should we continue one hour in a Union with such a people? But, Mr. Chairman, what is that—the sacrifice of a human body to an idol—in comparison with making a human being a slave? Does not the question answer itself. Is there a man or a woman here who would not much sooner help to bind a fellow-being and lay him upon the altar, and see his body consumed to ashes, in the worship of an idol, than help to make him a slave? If we felt as we ought, Mr. Chairman, we should so feel; for offering his body as a sacrifice to an idol touches not his spirit, his soul; it harms him comparatively not for a moment; but to reduce a man to slavery, O, how it outrages his soul, incomparably more than his body!

I have felt to-day, as I have not felt before, that we shall do little here at the North unless we take a position that shall send home to the hearts of the Southern people, if they have hearts—and I know they have, notwithstanding the thick incrustations over them—the conviction that we so recoil from the contamination of slavery, that we will have nothing to do with those who are concerned in that incomparable abomination.

Sir, I shall, at this late hour, detain you but a few moments longer. The resolution speaks of the terrible effects which slavery is working upon us, here at the North. It reaches out its hand and touches us everywhere. It not only cramps our manhood, it not only abridges our liberties, it not only puts padlocks on our lips, but it emasculates our literature. Some of our authors here at the North have bowed in submission to the requirements of the South. Only think of our beloved LONGFELLOW, of whose glorious strains on liberty we have been so proud, allowing his book to be prepared for the Southern market, despoiled of all those thrilling appeals on slavery, which, had they gone there, might have found their way to the hearts of the slaveholders! I have heard a fact touching a volume of our friend PIERPONT—a volume that all of you who are a few years younger than myself must have been familiar with as a reading book in our schools—which filled me with surprise and pain. I am told that from that volume—the "American First Class Book"—those touching lines on slavery have been removed, expurgated! For what? What right had the publishers of that volume to do it, and what motive could they have to do it, but to accommodate it to their Southern patrons? Why, my friends, what will wake us up to the condition into which we are brought by the Slave Power? Look at it! I entreat you to look at it, as it is set before you in the blazing light of that resolution, and then say whether you ought not only to respond to the resolution, but act in accordance with it.

Rev. JOHN PIERPONT was the next speaker. He criticised the remarks of Mr. GARRISON, and defined his position with regard to the Constitution. He admitted that the Government of the United States, as administered for the last quarter of a century, had been what Mr. GARRISON had defined it; but he did not admit that that was the Constitution of the United States, as made by our fathers, and as understood by them to be administered. As well might they say that Christianity was slave-stealing, slave-buying, slave-whipping, and all the crimes that grow out of the slave system. He admitted that men who profess to be Christians were guilty of these enormities, but they had grown up in contradiction of true Christianity. It only shows how much more powerful was an evil element in government than a holy and beneficent one. It shows the great departure from true policy of which our father were guilty in framing that article in the Constitution. Better, far better, he thought, had the Union never been formed than ever to have given colour to such enormities and practices. It shows how extremely vigilant men who are founding a State should be against the admission of a vicious principle. But it did not touch the great principle of the conscious recognition of the government and being of God. It did not touch the question of the possibility of man or a legion of men entering into any compact that should take them out of the hand of God. Suppose that whole assembly should resolve, and solemnly swear, no longer to observe the law of gravitation, and all of them go up the top of the house and leap off; what would have been the consequence, but for them to have broken necks. So it was under the law of God. We were under his dominion, whether we could or no.

Grant that it was the settled purpose of our fathers to make a provision for the return of fugitive slaves; it was not in their power to do it, and every one of them knew it was not in their power to do it. If it was not in their power to bind themselves, still less was it in their power to bind us. If he could not bind himself to do a wrong, still less could they bind his son to do it. These were great principles, recognised everywhere but in this government, on the subject of slavery; and the great object he would aim to accomplish was, to disabuse the community of the conviction that they are bound by any agreement of that kind, granting it to be as vile as the slaveholders themselves would suppose it. All contracts to violate God's laws were void; and so of all oaths to do it—they had no binding force whatever. Did he bind himself to do a wrong when he took an oath to support the Constitution of the United States, even if he took it without qualification? Certainly not; because those parts of the Constitution were not law; they were the "idol worship," paper and ink, nothing more. He might light his lamp with that leaf of the Constitution, or kindle his fire with it; but as a law, as a rule for his moral action, it did not exist.

How, then, could he take an oath to support the Constitution of the United States? There was but one oath prescribed in the Constitution, and that was the oath of the President. The President swears, "I swear that I will support the Constitution of the United States, according to the best of my ability." In that oath, the condition which is always implied in an oath is expressed; and if we take an oath to support the Constitution of the United States, we take it to support it, "to the best of our ability." There were two conditions involved—his physical and moral ability. If he bound himself by an oath to do certain things which required physical effort, everybody knew, that when he had gone to the extent of his physical nature, even if the thing was not accomplished, he had not broken his oath. But there was a higher condition—his moral ability. He swore to support the Constitution to the best of his ability as a moral being, recognising the supremacy of God's laws. Was he required by his oath to do wrong, under the name of Constitutional duty? No; that was a thing which he could not do, as a moral agent, responsible to God for all his acts.

Mr. Pierpont said his conscience was as binding upon him as his brother Garrison's was upon him. He (Mr. G.) had asked him, would he have him (Mr. G.) take an oath, when his conscience forbids? God forbid! No! If by the impulse of his nature, by the force of his argument, he had brought himself to the conviction that he could not, in consistency, go to the polls, even though by his vote he could dethrone slavery, let him stand aside. But if he (Mr. P.) by his reason or instinct had brought himself to the belief that he could properly use the talent which God had put into his hand to break the chain of the slave by his vote, he could not stand away (cheers).

Mr. GARRISON—Nor could I.

Mr. PIERPONT—But how do I come to that result, except in the way I explained to you? The meshes which the fathers endeavoured to wind around my arms, to drag me into slavery, I will snap asunder as the spider's web.

Mr. GARRISON—If you should do any such thing, would there be any longer a Union between you and the slaveholders?

Mr. PIERPONT—No!

Mr. GARRISON—Certainly, they will reject you, and there will be no Union, in fact. Your Union is sky-high (laughter).

Mr. PIERPONT—Very well; let it be "sky-high" (applause). But let it be understood as my motion. I would not hold my Southern brethren one single moment by the button. If the men of Missouri choose to invade the sanctity of the ballot-box with rifles and bowie-knives, and threaten to cut the throat of a Governor who does not quietly submit to their dictation, I say, if there is spunk enough in Yankees to defend their rights, let them fight; and if they want any help from behind, I say, Go! And if the slaveholders of Missouri choose to go in Kansas, as they threaten, and attempt to turn out the Abolitionists, then, I say, let the North show them something they can run their heads against—I mean, cannon balls (great applause).

H. C. WRIGHT—I wish to ask a question. Does the Constitution provide an interpreter for itself? That is one question which I should like to have our friend answer.

Mr. PIERPONT—Yes.

Mr. WRIGHT—Is that expounder the Supreme Court?

Mr. PIERPONT—Yes.

Mr. WRIGHT—When he swears to support the Constitution, does he swear to abide by the decision of the authorised expounders of that instrument?

Mr. PIERPONT—No.

Mr. WRIGHT—Then my conclusion is that my friend Pierpont is really, thoroughly, out-and-out, a no-government man, so far as the American Union is concerned (cheers).

Mr. PIERPONT said further, in explanation of his position, that, taking the infamous and abominable Fugitive Slave bill for example, which sought to inflict upon him a thousand dollars fine and six months imprisonment if he refused to aid a Marshal in catching a fugitive slave, he would allow the Supreme Court to settle that the meaning was that he should help catch a fugitive slave; but he would not allow the Supreme Court, or any body of men under heaven, to touch his liberty of moral action (applause). I will be very sure, but I will do what I think, before God, I ought. He took the ground of the Apostle, "*Submit* to the ordinances of man." They were nowhere called upon, by the Gospel of Jesus Christ, to do what the authorities required of them. Rather than raise his hand in active, bloody opposition to the government, he would suffer as long as the people should say he deserved to suffer. He would go to prison for six months, and if they could find a thousand dollars of his, they might take it (laughter and cheers). But as to catching fugitive slaves (to go down to a very low point), he would say, "Gentlemen slaveholders! skin your own skunks!" I do no such inodorous work as that (applause).

In conclusion, Mr. Pierpont gave an explanation in reference to the expurgation of his "American First Class Book," an account of which appeared last week, in the regular proceedings.

FRANCIS W. BIRD, Esq., of Walpole, then spoke, very briefly. He maintained that the Supreme Court of the United States was *not* the final interpreter of the Constitution, as has been conceded there. He declared that it was only the interpreter in certain specific cases, which the Constitution itself prescribed, and that in all others, the States themselves were the final arbiters. He instanced the "Personal Liberty Bill," recently passed by the Massachusetts Legislature, in illustration, and said that Massachusetts was to judge of the constitutionality of that bill, and not the Supreme Court of the United States. He considered the idea which had been brought forward there a dangerous mistake, which every friend of freedom ought to labour to set right in the public mind.

In reference to the doctrine of Disunion, Mr. Bird said that he had not yet given up all hope through political action, though he confessed that hope grew continually fainter and fainter; and when he was satisfied that there was no hope through that instrumentality, then he should say, "Down with the Constitution! Down with the Union!" (Applau e.) He thanked God that the doctrine of the dissolution of the Union had been broached. The community had become accustomed to look that bugbear in the face, and it no longer frightened people out of their senses. After the experiment had been tried, and it was found that the slave could not be saved by the Constitution, they might depend upon it, he would be saved *over* the Constitution.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1855.

FRANKLIN PIERCE ADVERTISED.

WHERE is Franklin Pierce? It would be pleasant to hear from him about this time. He might attract some attention, and for nine days become the subject of popular talk. Why don't he speak, why don't he put out a proclamation? Words are amazing cheap, and proclamations by no means involve the necessity of doing anything afterwards. About a year ago a Maryland slaveholder fell in with his chattel in the streets of Boston; the creature, by a natural instinct of his kind, having strayed thither and herded with other bipeds of his species some months before. A hue and cry was raised to catch him, and all the *man reeves, catch poles*, and watch-dogs with which all Northern communities are liberally provided, were turned out in pursuit. All the government officers and all the criminals and ruffians sympathized with the owner and wanted the chattel caught; all the rest of the community sympathized with the man and hoped he would make good his escape. Finally, with the help of the Suffolk Judge of Probate, and the Sims Brigade the stray chattel was hunted down and driven back to his owner.

It is well remarked that the President of the United States was much interested in the case, that he exerted all his official influence and put forth all his Executive power to defraud the poor fugitive of his liberty, that he promptly put himself in communication with the officers and attorneys, who were pressing the claims of the slaveholder. True, it

such Abolitionists as Samuel Gurney preside at the meetings of the British and Foreign Society, how can the Reports of its Secretary do anything else than avoid the very name of the old organized Abolitionists of this country?

THE KNOW-NOTHINGS IN CONVENTION.

THE Know-Nothing party has been in Convention, at Philadelphia, for several days past, for the purpose of constructing a National Platform, and making plans and perfecting arrangements in relation to the next Presidential Election. Their sessions are secret, of course, but as quite as much of the discussions of members is carried on outside of the meeting as within it, over their mint-julips and brandy-and-waters, the public is kept pretty accurately informed as to the character of the proposed measures and the progress of debate. There seem also to be some leaky members or cunning interlopers in the Convention itself, who report its proceedings directly, as eye-witnesses, through the daily press.

The Convention is not without its trials. Anti-Catholicism being only a principle, it was thought it might be easily got rid of; but Catholic delegates from the South-West, were, only in a decent regard for consistency, reluctantly denied admission. But as policy is more important and more difficult to manage than principle, so the chief obstacle to the harmonious action of the Convention lies in that direction. It would be an easy matter for the party to declare that none but foreigners should hold office, and that Protestantism should be prohibited by law, if its accession to power could be ensured by such a course; but a question arising which threatens a division, a loss of votes, and a disappointment of the hope of political supremacy, and there is no limit to the virulence of the speech of members, and the tenacity of their opinions. Such a question has arisen, as everybody knew it must. The difficulty is to decide upon what is to be done on the question of slavery. The South, as usual, blusters and bullies, and the North, as usual, supplies the drivers to aid the overseers in bringing the few refractory members into due subjection. Massachusetts has been threatened, and her delegates menaced with exclusion. A Southern gentleman shakes his fist in Henry Wilson's face, and demands to know if he stands by his anti-slavery declarations. To which the Senator makes the unprecedented reply, for such an occasion, to such a demonstration, that he certainly does, and that he always shall; and he emphasises the declaration with a determined action and an evident sincerity, which proves him altogether beyond the hitherto wholesome fear of southern fists and threats. In short he shows, what has not, heretofore, in political Conventions, been a Northern characteristic—*pluck*. Naturally enough he draws a small party around him, and the South hauls off to repair damages. And that seems to be the present attitude of affairs.

It is not at all likely, however, that the South will be, in the slightest degree, defeated in its object of carrying the Convention its own way. It may, as it usually does, demand more, at first, than it expects to get, that it may fall back, with a seeming yielding for peace's sake, upon all that it wants. What it asks is contained in the following resolutions, presented on Monday as the majority report of the Committee on Resolutions:

"Resolved, That the American party, having arisen upon the ruins and in spite of the opposition of the Whig and Democratic parties, cannot be held in any manner responsible for the obnoxious acts or violated pledges of either; that the systematic agitation of the slavery question by those parties has elevated sectional hostility into a positive element of political power, and brought our institutions into peril. It has therefore become the imperative duty of the American party to interpose, for the purpose of giving peace to the country and perpetuity to the Union. That as experience has shown it is impossible to reconcile opinions so extreme as those which separate the disputants, and as there can be no dishonour in submitting to the laws, the National Council has deemed it the best guarantee of common justice and of future peace to abide by and maintain the existing laws upon the subject of slavery, as a final and conclusive settlement of that subject in spirit and in substance.

"Resolved, That regarding it the highest duty to avow these opinions upon a subject so important, in distinct and unequivocal terms, it is hereby declared as the sense of this National Council, that Congress possesses no power under the Constitution to legislate upon the subject of Slavery in the States, or to exclude any State from admission into the Union because her Constitution does or does not recognise the Institution of Slavery as a part of her social system; and expressly pretermitting any expressions of opinion upon the power of Congress to establish or prohibit Slavery in any Territory. It is the sense of this National Council that Congress ought not to legislate upon the subject of Slavery within the Territories of the United States, and that any interference of Congress with Slavery as it exists in the District of Columbia would be a violation of the spirit and intention of the compact by which the State of Maryland ceded the District to the United States, and a breach of the National Faith."

New York alone, of all the Northern States, supported this report. The minority Report is contained in this Resolution:

"Resolved, That the repeal of the Missouri Compromise was an infraction of the plighted faith of the Nation, and that it should be restored, and if efforts to that end shall fail, Congress should refuse to admit any State tolerating Slavery which shall be formed out of any portion of the Territory from which that Institution was excluded by that Compromise."

Probably neither report will be adopted, and the South, by lowering her tone a little, will get all she really wants. A compromise, it is said, is to be offered by Southern members, in which obedience to the Fugitive Slave-law, *by name*, will not be insisted upon, but submission to the Constitution—which means the same thing—will be substituted; that hereafter no territory north of 36 deg. 30 min. shall be admitted as a slave State; and that all territory south of 36 deg. 30 min. may be admitted either with or without Slavery, as its people choose.

We shall not know the result in season for this week's paper, but, if any of our readers are much interested in the matter they may make up their minds to see the Know-Nothing party nationalized at Philadelphia.

THE following is an extract from a letter of a New England correspondent.

"It is a singular fact, and illustrative of the times, that the most agreeable feature of Anniversary Week to many of the clergy, has come to be the Annual levee at Theodore Parker's capacious library. The practice began about two years ago, at the suggestion of some of the more radical of the younger clergy. In 1853, the gathering included a few of the elder Unitarian Divines, as Messrs. Pierpont, Stetson and Sargent, with many younger ones; several ministers of Free Churches, with a sprinkling of Universalists, 'Spiritualists,' and even Baptists and Othodox. This year, the company was much larger, including a Cambridge Professor, a D.D., from New York City, several of the Yankee Boston ministers, besides many of the more ultra specimens of several denominations; not all agreeing in Mr. Parker's peculiar doctrines, of course, but all glad to enjoy his liberal hospitalities.

"The company assembled, after the public meetings, on Wednesday afternoon, and after an hour's chat in the library, they are summoned to tea in the parlour below. Prejudices unbend, old friends meet, and though some disperse by degrees to the various evening meetings others remain and prolong their talk to a late hour.

"There has been a wonderful change in the position of the Unitarian body, within the last year. While there has been an increasing rigidity of external position, Theodore Parker has sapped the foundations. He stands in a position as far beyond Dr. Channing's in power and influence, as his personal energies, acquirements and eloquence are greater than his. What can be done with a man who knows more theology than any six Doctors of Divinity, and more law than most lawyers; besides knowing everything else, in a miscellaneous way; who reads forty different languages and dialects—and owns 12,000 books, as choice in their way as the Astor Library! Who, finally, preaches to a congregation of 3,000, and is a leading man in every reform? The simple fact is, that Theodore Parker has scarcely an equal in Christendom (or out of it) for varied powers and accomplishments; and in the little Unitarian body he is a Triton among minnows.

"Besides, the same influences which created him, have placed all the prominent young men in the liberal body in substantially the same position. Even if they are nominally Unitarian in their connections, they are open heretics, as to the old type of Unitarian doctrine. Such is the case with Messrs. Frothingham and Longfellow, lately settled near New York City, Mr. Conway, of Washington, D. C., and others.

"But the most remarkable off-shoot of Unitarianism consists in the churches which are gradually arising under various names, but without any denominational connection, and which show far more vigour than the old Unitarian organizations seem to exhibit. These Societies are strictly on the voluntary system, have discontinued church membership and even the Lord's supper, and thus far appear to encourage very radical views in theology and practical life. Messrs. Higginson, of Worcester; Wasson, of Groveland; Johnson, of Lynn; Hodges, of Watertown; Hudson, of Chelsea, and others, minister to such Societies. Rev. Mr. May's church, in Cleveland, Ohio, is established on much the same basis. They all resemble the meetings of Progressive Friends in their platform. They are composed of various materials, but the literal descendants of the *original* Congregationalism or 'Independency,' and are important as indicating the future.

"There is soon to be an ordination over one of these independent Societies in Barre, Mass., which will probably excite a good deal of interest. It is understood that Theodore Parker is to preach the sermon, J. Pierpont to give the 'charge,' and T. W. Higginson the 'Right Hand of Fellowship.' As this is the first ordination sermon preached by Theodore Parker since his famous South Boston sermon, in 1841, there will probably be quite a concourse of people; only that Barre is not a very accessible place, being about 20 miles from Worcester or from Fitchburg, Massachusetts, and only to be reached by stage."

THE LATE ANNIVERSARIES.

THE recent meetings of religious and benevolent Societies in our city suggest some important reflections:

1. It was a common remark, and noticed by the secular journals whose reporters attended these meetings, that they were unusually thin, tame and spiritless.

2. The speakers were, with few exceptions, obscure men. Very few *laymen* participated in the proceedings. Heretofore, men high in political life have appeared as the advocates of these Societies. This year, the platforms have been almost exclusively occupied by clergymen.

3. Not a slaveholder has, this year, delivered a *speech* from the platform of any Society.

4. Only *two* clergymen from a slave State were employed by Societies to preach before them. The Rev. Stuart Robinson, of Baltimore, was selected to preach the annual sermon before the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions. It was very meet and consistent that a Church which is actively engaged in upholding heathenism at home should ask the aid of a Southern minister in overturning it abroad; and it was peculiarly in keeping with the pro-slavery character of the Church that the blessing of Heaven on the *foreign* enterprise should have been invoked by GARDNER SPRING, who had declared that could he abolish slavery by a prayer, he would not offer it, and who had expressed his joy that the Fugitive Act would rid the city of fugitives. The newspaper report of the sermon tells us Mr. Robinson asserted "The apostolic injunction is, 'go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel'; and whosoever best obeys this injunction, the same hath the true apostolic succession." But should Mr. Robinson attempt to teach his fellow-men in Maryland with dark skins how to obey the *divine* injunction, "Search the Scripture," his apostolic succession would not save him from the penalties of the law. But, of course, it would have been irrelevant to mention matters of this kind before a *foreign* Missionary Society. It is, moreover, very well to make a parade of such impieties when they occur in Tuscany or in China; but when perpetrated in our own beloved Christian land, why, then, by all means, pass them over in silence.

The New York City Bible Society has a peculiar fondness for Southern preachers. But lately, the Rev. W. S. Plumer, one of the most impudent, shameless Reverend slaveholders, acted as chaplain to this Society. On the late occasion, the choice fell on the Rev. Dr. Johns, of Baltimore, a far more decent man, although not unlikely agreeing with Plumer in principle. The Doctor, according to the newspaper report, is alarmed at the growth of infidelity. He says, "meetings are held in which the Bible is openly ridiculed, and brought into contempt." We are not aware that the Bible is openly ridiculed; but certain it is, that, in numerous meetings, such as Presbyterian Assemblies, Methodist Conferences, Episcopal Conventions, &c., it is brought into contempt whenever an effort is made to make it the warrant for human bondage. Dr. Johns may rest assured that no apostles of infidelity are making converts so rapidly as our Cotton Parsons.

No problem has ever more thoroughly foiled the human intellect than the cause of moral evil. But, according to the newspaper report, the Doctor has solved what seemed insolvable—"That sore social evil, slavery, was ENTAILED UPON US BY GOD, that freedom might be established and Christianity spread over Africa"!!—(*Independent*, *May* 10.) Surely, it was worth while to come from Baltimore to communicate this precious news to the New York Bible Society. No longer does American slavery rest for its justification on the curse of Canaan, whose descendants were Asiatics and not Africans; nor on Patriarchal example, nor on the laws of Moses, nor on the precepts of Jesus Christ. Away will all these refuges of lies. Neither let the English Government henceforth be reproached for introducing slaves into the Colonies. He "which exercises loving kindness, and judgment, and righteousness in the Earth"—HE whose name is LOVE—is the author of American slavery. Yes, this social evil, as the Baltimore Divine calls it—this sum of all villanies, as John Wesley more truly calls it—God, in mercy to Africa, has entailed, has fastened upon America!! Of course, the African Slave Trade, so profanely stigmatized as piracy, is a divine instrumentality, without which slavery could not have been entailed on America, and the divine benevolence could not have been fully exhibited. We wonder how far the Doctor's discoveries into the origin of moral evil have extended? Has he ascertained who entailed on us brothels, and rum-shops, and profligate politicians, or on himself a Puseyite Bishop? The Nebraska villany, of course, was but a portion of God's mercy towards Africa. On the whole, it is doubtful whether the New York Bible Society have been much edified, or their labours advanced, by the services of Mr. Plumer and Dr. Johns.

5. In only two instances, it is believed, had the speakers and preachers at the recent anniversaries the Christian boldness to say a word against human bondage. The Rev. Dr. Storrs, in his sermon before the American Home Missionary Society, did not shrink from rebuking this great national offence. But a still more rude and unexpected shock was given to the expressive quietude of our religious meetings, in regard to this accumulated mass of sin and misery, by the Hon. Bradford R. Wood, who, by some strange mistake, had been invited to address the American and Foreign Christian Union, the most cottony, perhaps, of all our religious Societies. It will be recollected that it was the managers of this same Society who made such a mighty fuss about a man and a wife imprisoned, as was *falsely* alleged, for the crime of *reading the Bible*, while these most ardent and consistent lovers of religious freedom had not one word of sympathy for the three millions of their fellow-countrymen who are prevented, by law, from reading the Bible—not a word of censure of the imprisonment of Mrs. Douglass, in Virginia, for the crime, the only crime, the simple crime, of teaching, with the consent of their parents, *free* coloured children to read, and to read the Word of God! Well, before these gentlemen, Mr. Wood made his speech, and, in it, he told them that some "Protestants are building a platform on which slavery can stand; and if slavery can stand on it, Mormonism can also stand on it" (*Independent*). No doubt this was thought very irreverent by certain Divines; nor can we be surprised that the *New York Observer*, ever scenting infidelity in every intimation of the sinfulness of American slavery, and denouncing UNCLE TOM as an unchristian book, was so much shocked at the impiety of Mr. Wood's sarcasm as to omit it in the report of the speech in the *Observer*. Mr. Wood's speech is also officially published by the Society in its periodical, and there, also, the passage quoted is wholly *suppressed!*

6. The Anniversary Week was distinguished from all that had preceded it, by the vast gatherings, the intense excitement, the rapturous applause which attended the anti-slavery meetings. The papers most hostile to human rights, most devoted to the Cotton interest, confessed the alarming and mortifying fact that the interest of the week seemed centred in these meetings. The same Anti-Slavery Society which, a few years since, was driven from its place of meeting by a vulgar bully, the tool of men apparently more decent than himself, now occupied a Broadway theatre, while a vast audience testified, by its prolonged plaudits, its sympathy in the radical sentiments of the speakers. The ravings of the *Herald* against traitors, and of the *New York Observer* against infidels, were alike unheeded. This is the Society whose rallying cry is, "No Union with Slaveholders"—this the Society that avows its desire to dissolve the Union, and to purify the Church from all dealers in human flesh. Yet it now musters in greater strength than ever, and, instead of seeking concealment, fills a new and elegant and spacious theatre, reiterates its treason and infidelity, and is received with tumultuous cheers, and not a dog is found to move its tongue against it. Surely, the *Herald* and *Observer* have spent their strength for naught.

Once more: This same theatre was again filled to its utmost capacity, to hear Charles Sumner proclaim the abominations of American slavery, the baseness of our Doughfaces, and the faithlessness of our Cotton Parsons to truth, justice and humanity. For hours were the vast assembly held in delighted attention by the eloquence of the speaker and the interest of his subject, while loud and reiterated plaudits proclaimed their sympathy in the great truth he uttered. The night was far advanced when he closed, but no weariness or impatience had fallen on the multitude present, although a large portion had been unable to find seats. This multitude were still craving more anti-slavery truth; and espying Mr. Wendell Phillips in the house, a cry for his appearance broke forth. He did not respond, and the cry was prolonged and became almost tumultuous, the vast audience joining in it as with one voice. At last, he stepped forward, and begged, as an act of justice to himself, that he might not be compelled to speak under the great personal disadvantage of immediately following the powerful and eloquent address to which they had been listening. The graceful apology was accepted, and the most numerous and enthusiastic anti-slavery meeting ever convened in the city of New York gradually dispersed, animated with fresh indignation against slavery, and renewed determination to resist the encroachments of the Slave Power.

And here let us advert to the silly obstinacy of our Cotton Christians. The pro-slavery course of the American Tract Society has, for some time past, been calling forth the remonstrances of Churches and individuals. Mr. Sumner, after exhibiting to his audience, the loathsomeness of a pro-slavery Christianity, and vindicating the Bible from the charge of sanctioning such a mass of wickedness as American slavery, observed, "With regret, though not with astonishment, I learn that a Boston Divine has sought to throw the seamless garment of Christ over this shocking wrong." Yet, within twenty-four hours of the time when the audience thus addressed had testified their indignation and contempt for the Boston Divine, the American Tract Society elected the REV. NEHEMIAH ADAMS, D.D., of Boston, a member of their Publishing Committee, entrusting to him the censorship of their press, and giving him individually the power to exclude from their publications every breathing in behalf of oppressed humanity, every aspiration for the civil and religious liberty of millions of Americans. Yes, the apologist of American slavery was appointed to keep watch over the press of the American Tract Society!! So it is that our pro-slavery Christians first outrage the moral sense of the public, and excite rebuke, and then trumpet forth, through the *New York Observer*, the charge of Infidelity. Thousands will withdraw from the Tract Society, and thus afford to the *Observer* new illustrations of the impiety of Abolitionists, and new cause for lamentation over the decay of vital godliness.

Would to God the Church could be made to feel and to know that she is endangered, not by the malice of her enemies, but by her own corruptions. The triumphs of Luther sprang from the vices and annoyance of the Roman Priests. The Church of France, at the time of the first Republic, was but a whited sepulchre; and hence, as soon as the Royal power which protected it was withdrawn, it was prostrated in the dust, its priests massacred or banished, and an infidel people constructed a pandemonium on earth, dedicated to blasphemy and blood.

Cotton Divinity is degrading Christianity into a religion of cruelty and injustice, a religion converting the poor and helpless into beasts of burden for the rich and powerful. Christ becomes not a Redeemer, but an enslaver, and his blessed Gospel but little more than a Slave Code, dooming to ignorance, licentiousness, degradation and misery, multitudes of the human race. Is this an age and country in which such a religion will be embraced as divine? The appointment of NEHEMIAH ADAMS as controller of the Press of the Tract Society will of itself make far more infidels than all the tracts he will issue, or all the sermons he will preach, will ever convert. The Church can retain her strength and purity only in *antagonism* to the world. As the apologist and associate of sinners, she incurs the scorn of the vile as well as of the good. The fate of Daniel Webster awaits our Cotton Divines. They will be used by the South, and then contemptuously thrown aside; while, in the reformed public sentiment at the North, the highest charity they can experience will be, to be forgotten.

A. B.

May, 1855.

Our Philadelphia Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, June 5th, 1855.

MESSRS. EDITORS: The manifestations of joy by persons who have just escaped an apprehended shipwreck, on finding their vessel riding safely at anchor in the harbour, clear of the breakers that threatened momentarily to engulph it, are usually in the ratio of real or anticipated danger from which they have escaped. This being the case, how agonizing must have been the fears of the "patent democracy" may be judged by the extent of their rejoicings at the result of the Virginia election.

An immense amount of "villainous saltpetre" has been exploded—parades, music, oratory, &c., have been resorted to, as means for giving vent to their jubilant feelings and revived spirits. Really, we are not aware that their case was so desperate, that even the fact of not having *lost* Virginia should be deemed sufficient cause for such obstreperous rejoicings. They must assume that any escape from a positive loss is equivalent to a great gain, and that having been defeated in almost every struggle for the retention of political power, where their adhesion to slavery was made the issue, they have cause to rejoice that their opponents were so weak and blind as to drop that most potent weapon of attack, and thus permitted them to gain an easy victory.

Virginia democracy, being slaveholding, can only be overthrown by a party thoroughly imbued with the spirit of freedom, and determined to rid "the Mother of States and of Statesmen" from the incubus which has paralyzed all her attempts at advancement, and has stamped upon her the infamous reputation of being the greatest *slave-breeding* State in the Union. Could the Chivalry of the Ancient Dominion, who exult in their own degradation, be sunk any lower?

At the glorification meeting of the party, in our city, one of the principle speakers was Mr. Cadwallader, member elect to Congress, from Montgomery and the upper part of Philadelphia County, he having been elected by a majority of *nine* votes, in a district which usually gives from 800 to 1200 majority for his party, yet he will presume to give expression to the sentiments of the people of Pennsylvania upon the subject of slavery, whilst sustaining it in all its revolting phases. He made himself conspicuous with John W. Forney and others, by attacking Gov. Johnston for not aiding, in his proper person, the slave-catching gang who caused the Gorsuch tragedy at Christiana. He denounced our Governor for not acting the part of volunteer blood-hound, to save the Union.

You have noticed the anxiety of the "Third Presbytery of Philadelphia" to preserve the "peace and unity of the Church," expressed in their memorial to the General Assembly, in session at St. Louis. They appear willing to sacrifice righteousness and defy "a judgment to come," if thereby they may secure the *peace and unity of the Church!* Verily, Dr. Cox has succeeded, to an extent which ought to satisfy his ambition, in moulding this body, from which many were ready to believe some good might come, to his own taste and his own model. We may now expect to see it straining the Scriptures, from the curse of Noah against Canaan down to the Epistle of Philemon, as proof that slavery is not sinful; just as the other branch of the Presbyterian Church have always been doing since their division. They can each find it easy to condemn the "intemperance" of those who wish to rebuke slavery, but that conscience must be tender, indeed, which any action of theirs *against* the institution will render uneasy. As in all other great reforms, the politicians of the day will have to take a position in advance of the Church.

We still have legal investigations and prosecutions of persons engaged in securing recruits for the British army in the Crimea, in this city. What an exhibition of dishonesty and hypocrisy does our government present, in prosecuting these persons, while, at the same time, the "great unhung," *President* Walker, has been permitted, for the second time, to leave the port of San Francisco, at the head of a body of pirates, to wage war upon Nicaragua, with which country our Government is on terms of peace and amity.

Still, I suppose, we are bound to give them the credit of vigilance in the discharge of an obligation to Russia, which must be taken as compensation for their gross neglect of similar duties, when Spain, Mexico, and Nicaragua are to be invaded by freebooters from our shores. True, we were not likely to have a war for the acquisition of Cuba, and that part of the political capital of President Pierce has been consigned to the "sinking fund," to prevent its sinking the Administration to even a lower depth than they have yet found.

But how very "green" Mr. Perry must be to write to the President, and give publicity to the acts of our late Minister to Madrid. Does he not know that Mr. Soulé was sent on that mission purposely to bully Spain into a sale of Cuba, or a war, and that he was to *find or make* occasion for a quarrel in furtherance of his object. No man could have been selected so well qualified for that duty as Mr. Soulé, and he left no measure untried to effect the desired end. It was not his fault that we are at peace with Spain.

If the Administration has found it expedient to abandon its war policy, and permit Mr. Soulé to resign in consequence, as he has no talent for affecting amicable arrangements on controverted points, is it not ungenerous to charge him with perversity, neglect of duty, or want of courtesy towards the Government to which he was accredited? Mr. Perry, surely, must know that the acts of Mr. Soulé were just such as the appointing power might anticipate, if not positively require; and as he could not change his policy so readily as those who sent him, he retired in disgust, after having disgusted both Europe and America.

To drop from State affairs to catching of dogs, goats and pigs, is, doubtless, an evidence of bad taste—a want of all perception of the proprieties in descriptive literature, but, as it has been asserted that there is but "a step from the sublime to the ridiculous," I may, perhaps, be excused for making so small a deviation. Then, be it understood that we have a municipal ordinance which, at certain times and seasons, abridges the liberties of the *canines*, unless duly muzzled, and consigns them to a felon's doom, the offence being capital.

Hogs and goats are also captured, but, instead of being ruthlessly slain, they are confiscated, and sold for the benefit of the Alms-House, which charitable disposition of the fund does not prevent their captors from being held in as much abhorrence by their owners, as the public executioner. These owners being mostly what our Natives call "imported citizens." None of the latter are employed in the business of swine or goat catching, as their sympathies would be with their countrymen and the "bastes," and prevent the execution of the law; though, doubtless, *some* of them would not object to catching a man, if he was called a "fugitive slave," and *not white*. Hence this department of official service has, from its inception, been consigned to *coloured* men, who are supposed to be already the objects of so strong a prejudice, that any slight amount which might be superadded in the fulfilment of city ordinances would scarcely be felt. Besides, when stratagem fails to secure the doomed animals from their pursuers, there is generally a grand "row" and attempt at rescue, when broomsticks and brickbats are sometimes freely used by the sympathizers, in which event, if the "catchers" should get a goodly share of wounds and bruises, why, "it makes but little odds, they were only a parcel of niggers"; and, consequently, the disinterested public are as indifferent to the success of the parties in the *melée* as was the good lady out West when her husband had a fight with a bear.

Last week, the catchers of pigs and goats made a descent upon the South-Western part of the city where the animals "most do congregate," and frequently enjoy the privilege of *entry* to the three story dwellings as inmates or members of the family. The owners—male and female—old and young, exerted themselves to save their animals, but, not succeeding, they made an "onslaught" upon their captors, a number of whom were injured. The police force detailed for their protection, however, succeeded in capturing some six or seven of the adult male rioters, whose names mostly commenced with "Mac," and whether that circumstance had any influence in aggravating the extent of their offence, I will not attempt to guess, but merely state that, they were astonished to find themselves required to procure bail in the sum of $1,000 each, to appear at Court to answer.

The moral which I wish to deduce from this relation, is this—are our coloured population acting wisely in accepting appointments under, or rendering service *to*, the authorities, which are calculated to increase the prejudice which unjustly weighs upon them and which subjects them to the enmity of the *white* labourer, who has a common interest with the coloured labourer, but this prejudice did not blind his perceptions? The coloured man should reflect upon this.

NEMO.

EMANCIPATION IN CUBA.—The Havana correspondent of the *Tribune* reiterates the assertion made by him in a recent letter, that an attempt is to be made to abolish slavery in Cuba, provided the independence of the Island can be first secured. He declines to enter into particulars at present, as to do so would be to put in jeopardy the safety of himself and his friends. He promises, however, further developments, and says that the proposed plan is openly talked of.

Summary.

A proposition to extend the right of Suffrage to coloured men was voted down, last week, in the Connecticut House of Representatives, by a majority of twenty.

A MAN EXECUTED FOR SLAVE-STEALING.—In Chatham County, N. C., Willis Hester was executed for stealing a slave. He denied his guilt, alleging that he purchased him from another for the sum of $800.

TO THE HUMANE.—A NEW YORK FREEMAN IN A NEW ORLEANS JAIL.—We (*Tribune*) have received a letter brought by a private hand direct from a black man named Francis Watson, a freeman of this city, now lying in jail in New Orleans, where he has been incarcerated for nine months, and at the end of a year's imprisonment he will be sold as a slave unless means be taken to pay his jail dues and liberate him. The particulars as contained in his letter are as follows: He states he went to New Orleans in the employ of a horse-trainer, and at the end of two months he discovered that his master was seeking to sell him as a slave. Hereupon he left his employer, but "having no pass or protection" he was thrown into prison, and now in three months will be sold for jail dues, unless the humane come to his rescue. He refers by name to several persons in New York who know him. Any sums left at the *Tribune* Office for him will be duly forwarded to his address.

A BENIGHTED REGION.—The citizens of the vicinity of Tuscumbia, Ala., have, for some time past, resolutely torn down the telegraph wires, as they say, that during the long drought the clouds were frequently seen to gather over the "*telegraft ware and bile* for half an hour, trying their best to rain, but had to give it up at last." The following proclamation has been found posted on the trees along the line:

The State of Alabama }
Marion County } this the 5th of May 1855

Notice to the Managers of the Telegraft Ware are hereby forewarned to not put up the ware any more for it shall not Stay up any more long at a time if you do not let it stay down the hole country is going to Just go before your Eyes and tare it down and cut the post and throw away the glasses and throw away the ware and skin the first man sais any thing A gainst it and throw his hide a crows A pole and split.

OOOOOO

Jump up John the Wolf ketcher.

THE NEW ENGLAND EMIGRANTS PRESENTED WITH SHARP'S RIFLES.—Late news from Hamden County colony mentions that a number of the members were getting homesick, and were about to return home. Among them is said to be a Mr. Porter, of the Westfield *News Letter*. Breaking up the prairie is found to be very slow and laborious work. It costs from five to eight dollars an acre to hire it done, and no very large amount can be ploughed the present season.

A. A. Lawrence, of Boston, has subscribed $1,000 to furnish arms to the free settlers in Kansas, and it is said that a quantity of arms and ammunition has been forwarded including sixty of Sharp's rifles.

There are subject to settlement, within three miles of Lawrence, 315 square miles, or land enough for 1,260 farms of 160 acres each. One-half of these are unoccupied. Two new saw mills are now in progress of erection in Lawrence, and one is warranted to be in running order within ten days. Dr. Robinson and two others have just returned from an extensive tour of exploration to the West. They describe the soil as excellent, and the streams lined with plenty of timber. Mr. Park, proprietor of the press destroyed at Parkville, has commenced a suit against the rioters, and employed Edward Bates, of Missouri, as his counsel.—*Northampton* (*Mass.*) *Gazette*, *May* 29.

THE CHARACTER OF MALCOLM CLARK WHO WAS SHOT IN LEAVENWORTH.—St. Louis, May 24, 1855.—The character of Malcolm Clark, who was recently shot at Fort Leavenworth by McCrea, is represented by the western slavery papers as "amiable and inoffensive." It is well enough to understand what these Western Missourians, who vote in Kansas, understand by "amiable and inoffensive." A few years ago he (Clark) would kick his wife when angry, to say nothing of his "amiable and inoffensive" language. He rented his farm, lying near Fort Leavenworth, a few years ago, to a man who left it and started for California. His wife sold the crop to the United States, to be taken off in the fall. The rent was due the next spring—twenty-five dollars.

Clark told the woman she must pay the rent before she removed the crop. She told him she had not the money and could not do it, but she would pay him as soon as the crop was paid for. Clark drew a pistol and held it at her breast, declaring he would shoot her if she did not immediately pay him. I need not add that he was a drunkard. The difficulty is, the Missourians have plundered McCrea of his true character, and have given it to Clark. They determined to hang McCrea, not because they cared for Clark, but because he (McCrea) is opposed to slavery. That is the whole secret, and the true interpretation of their conduct.—*Ohio State Journal*.

LEGISLATING AGAINST DRINKS.—When the Maine Law was under discussion in the Canadian Parliament a novel proposition was made:

"Mr. Larwill stated that he found the law when passed in the United States was often evaded by the sale of liquors called by new names. He therefore proposed an amendment to refer the bill back to the Committee of the Whole, with instructions to amend by inserting as prohibited liquors a long list of 'fancy drinks' with all sorts of queer names which he had copied from the bill of fare of a Boston saloon. The following was the list, the reading of which created a great deal of amusement, viz:

"Plain Fruit Julep, Peach Julep, Capped Julep, Sherry Cobbler, Claret Cobbler, Roped, Agent, Tippe na Peco, Shambro, Egg Nogg, Poor Man's Punch, Epicure's Punch, Porteree, Milk Punch, Jewett's Fancy, Stone Wall, Knickerbocker, Sifter, Soda, Gin Rooster Tail, Gin Sling, Fancy Mixed Julep, Strawberry Julep, Arrack Julep, Rochelle Cobbie, Ching Ching, Tip and Ty, Veto, Vox Popsli, Pig and Whistle, Sargeant, Spire Punch, Arrack Punch, Split Ticket, Peach Punch, Deacon, Virginia, Smasher, Moral Suasion, Mead, Brandy Rooster Tail, Port Wine Negus, Mixed Fruit Julep, Claret Julep, Race Horse Julep, Arrack Peach Cobble, Tog, Fisca, I O U, Ne Plus Ultra, Citronella Jam, Silver Top, Speed Punch, Iced Punch, Tom and Jerry, Cherry Punch, Exchange, Fancy, Floater, Soda Punch, Poker, Brandy Smash."

THE BLACK RIVER CONFERENCE AND SLAVERY.—We give below the resolutions adopted by this Conference, which met at Weedsport, Cayuga County, last week, Bishop Janes presiding:

Resolved, That as the evils of Slavery are inherent and can never be corrected, we pledge ourselves as a Conference to make no compromise with this monster sin.

Resolved, That we will personally gird ourselves for the strife, and that our aggressions shall never cease until the reproach is rolled away from our gates, and oppression with all its blighting curses shall be exterminated from the Church and the world.

Resolved, That the delegates who shall be elected by this body to attend the next General Conference are hereby instructed not to vote for the creation of any new Conference in Slaveholding territory, without the institution of a rule making non-slaveholding a condition of Church membership, and that they use all judicious means to prevent the appropriation of Missionary funds in such direction as might in any degree promote oppression.

Resolved, That the said delegates be further instructed to use their influence in the General Conference to secure as an answer to the question, "What shall be done for the extirpation of Slavery?" the adoption of the following: "Hereafter let no slaveholder be admitted into the Church."

Resolved, That the said delegates be further instructed to use their best endeavors for the insertion in our Book of Discipline of a rule prohibiting slaveholding in the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Resolved, That though we see nothing in the general rules conflicting with direct legislation abolishing Slavery in the Church, we heartily concur in the resolution of the Wisconsin Conference recommending the amendment of the general rule on Slavery so as to forbid "The buying, selling and holding of a human being as a slave."

BLACK FREEMEN IN A VIRGINIA JAIL.—The attention of the philanthropic, and of their friends, is due to the fact that two black men (both free) are now lodged in jail, in Goochland County, Virginia, and will be sold into Slavery unless persons who know to their being free testify to the fact. Their names are Henry Hin and Isaiah Broomfield.

Henry Hin says that he knows Dr. Knapp, formerly of No. 262 Hudson-street, Robertson Butler, Hamersley-street, and Mrs. Moore, Greenwich-street. His mother (Hannah Hin) formerly lived in Greenwich-street. He wants some one in this city who knows him, to send proof to the Sheriff of Goochland County, Va., that he is a free man, or else he will be sold into Slavery.

Isaiah Broomfield, well known here, and once in the employ of Messrs. Miller & Grant, No. 371 Broadway, as a porter, is in the same jail for the same crime. He was born free.

Beside the proof of freedom, money will be required to pay the jail fees of these men. Such is the law of Virginia. It will be received at the office of the *Tribune*.

Both these men were hands on board a vessel which has broken the laws by entering the *royal* dominions of Democratic Virginia with free negroes aboard. The friends of Henry Hin may confer with Cato Broomfield, No. 25 Thomas street, who promises to go on a mission to release his brother. He will have to employ a white agent—a black man's oath is good for nothing in Virginia.—*Tribune*.

ATTEMPT ON A FUGITIVE.—On Wednesday morning, when the freight train arrived at the depot here, there was found on one of the cars laden with shelled corn, an old negro man, who, by some means or other, had contrived to get in the car after it was loaded at Michigan City, which was on Saturday last, and remained there till it reached this place, being nearly three days without water or food, except corn. Every one knows the heating qualities of corn when it is shut up close for a day or two, so they can imagine the condition of this fugitive when the door was unlocked, and he undertook to step out.

"Hillo!" says the Conductor, "where are you from?"

"From Kentucky, Massa."

"How did you find the travelling?"

"Oh, Massa, berry warm."

The poor fellow was perfectly reeking with perspiration. At this time up stepped one of the railroad men and says:

"You're the man I've got the papers for."

"Oh, Massa," said the old wooly head, "bress de Lor, Ize cool now. Do n't send a poor nigger back. Dey'll skin um alive if dey cotch um back dere."

Meanwhile he had got out of the car, and one of the men said to him, "Do you see that place over the river? Now you run for it and we will keep the man who is after you till you get a fair start." So the fugitive made tracks at a swinging gait up the dock, and caught the Transit just as she was starting over with a drove of hogs, and the way he plunged into the drove over the taffrail, Officer Whitman says, raised the most horrid squealing, both on and off the decks, that has been heard in that vicinity since the new runner law has gone into operation. The man that had the papers of course enjoyed the sport with the rest.—*Detroit Democrat*.

ANOTHER MISSOURI OUTRAGE.—A correspondent of the *Boston Telegraph* writes from Osawatomie, Kansas Territory, under date of May 20, as follows:

"This place is situated at the junction of the Pottawatomie and Maria de Cegne (Mary de Zene) just where they empty into the Osage River. It is one of the most beautiful countries the Almighty ever blessed, being better timbered than any part of the Territory I have heard from. On the spot where the town is located, the eye takes in a range of some thirty miles, presenting the most beautiful landscapes I have ever seen. We have a store, a public-house, a regular mail-coach to Kansas City, and a large and growing population of good intelligent people from almost every State in the Union, and there is a good prospect of this place becoming the county town. We are troubled here, as they are elsewhere in the Territory, by the members of the Blue Lodge (Missourians); they carried the day here at the last election as they did in other places. We were visited by them yesterday in rather a hostile manner. Some time last Fall, a man from Missouri, named Kirby, who had no right to pre-empt, squatted upon a claim and remained until the Winter; this Spring, a man from the North found the claim vacant and moved in. Kirby, with about forty Missourians, came upon the ground two weeks ago yesterday, to drive Baker from the place, but he found Baker with twenty rifles and as many Yankees to back them. At this Kirby and his friends were scared, and backed out as they might. Yesterday, knowing that Baker had no notice of their coming, Kirby and his friends surprised Baker and took him prisoner. They took his rifle and broke it over a stump, mounted him on a mule, and carried him some distance into the woods, and took measures to hang him, without judge or jury; but upon his suggesting to them that he should have the privilege of speaking for himself, he was allowed to do so. After he had made his statement the company were about equally divided, one-half siding with Baker and the other half with Kirby. Kirby did not seem to like the turn which affairs had taken, and swore he would not be satisfied until he had Baker's blood. At this one of the Missourians handed Baker a revolver, cocked and capped, upon which Kirby held his peace. Baker was finally released. He has given up the claim, but intends to pre-empt it at a proper time.

MARRIED.

GAWTHRUP—PIERCE.—In Ercildown, Chester Co., Pa., May 2d., James T. Gawthrup, of Avondale, to Priscilla Pierce, of the former place.

WILLIAMSON—SHADD.—In Chatham, C. W., Tuesday, May 22d, by the Rev. H. Campbell, Mr. David T. Williamson, of St. Catherines, C. W., to Miss Amelia C. Shadd, of Raleigh (late of West Chester, Pa).

DIED.

WAIT.—At Copenhagen, N. Y., on the 28th ultimo, Eliza D., daughter of

Miscellaneous Department.

For the Anti-Slavery Standard.

EUDORA ST. JOHN; or, LIFE'S CHANGES.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

BY HELEN BRUCE.

CHAPTER I.

"JIM, Jim, you brack nigger you, if you don't come dis way quick, I'll comb your wool for you when I *does* cotch you; mind, I tell you, now, you dirty nigger pic-a-ninny you."

"Ya, ya, ole Clo., how you does sputter; reckon you'll *cotch* me fore you pulls my wool, won't you? Ya, ya, he, he, he," and away ran the provoking little rogue, and, tumbling heels over head, over the stone wall, scampered off to the cotton-field to see what mischief he could find to do there.

Cleopatra, the cook, stood a few moments, ruefully watching the slippery Jim as he raced away, then, sighing and muttering to herself, she returned to the kitchen.

"Dat nigger 'll get his hide took off, sure as anything, when new massa comes home. We's all got to see hard times now, I reckon. Oh, Lord, what poor niggers made for?" Clo. took the water-pail and went herself to fill it. She then set herself busily to preparing dinner for her master and his company, and thus engaged we leave her.

The good and generous master of the large estate where was enacted the above scene had been called suddenly away from earth, and, as he was a widower and childless, and had died without a will, his property fell into the hands of the heir at law—a nephew of the late owner. This nephew was a man of thirty-four years of age, who had long been accustomed to do that which was right in his own eyes, and those eyes were such as fild no fear of God (or man) before them. He had visited his newly acquired property, and stopped there long enough to show pretty clearly to the two hundred slaves, now become his, what sort of treatment they might look for from his hands, and to give orders for divers alterations and improvements about the mansion and the grounds; he had then taken his departure (as was supposed by many) to be married, and bring his bride to his new home. The day on which our tale commences was that appointed for his return to his plantation, and orders had been sent that everything should be in a state of perfect preparation to receive and entertain himself and whoever he might bring with him. Here leave we *him*, until he forces himself upon our notice.

CHAPTER II.

In the bar-room of a Southern hotel stood two persons, seemingly gentlemen—that is, they were clad as such, and, viewing them out of reach of the sound of their voices, one would say their manners were polished and polite. They were handsome in form and feature, and they seemed to be greatly interested in the subject of which they spoke.

"I say, Danoise, I think you might give a man a chance there—you ought to be satisfied with what you have beside, and not hold on so to her. Come, now, do be reasonable—I'll give you $2,000 for her, cash down."

"Can't do it, my dear fellow; would be glad to oblige you, in anything in reason, but, really, you must be content to be denied here—for this year, at least. Possibly, I may sell her to you next, but, 'pon my soul, I would n't take 10,000 for her this; no, not to save the soul of my father."

"Well, well, Danoise, then I must give it up; but Jupiter never fashioned a rarer article. What a sensation she'd make, set up for sale in the market! I'd like to see that fun, provided I had it in my power to outbid them all."

"Ah, ha! ha! Harris, how your mouth does water for the grapes you cannot reach. I'm afraid you're almost coveting your neighbour's property, my boy. Don't allow yourself to do that; its wicked, you know. But she is a delicious article, is n't she?"

Was it a horse, or some strange and elegant animal for which the world could show no mate, of which they were thus eagerly speaking, on which they sat such a price?

CHAPTER III.

"The days of old, the days of old,
How beautiful they seem."

School-days, ah, the happy, happy school-days! What son or daughter of a boarding-school can ever forget them? What if one did get into all manner of troubles and tribulation, did n't one always get out again; and was n't the fun of stealing by dozens into each other's sleeping apartments, in defiance of all rule, and laughing together over the mischief past and gone, payment in full for everything in the shape of punishment? Yes, it was; to say nothing of the pleasure of plotting more sport and wickedness. Who would n't rather, once in a while, get caught in the act and punished in due measure for mischief than never commit any? Who?

Among all the schoolmates whom I loved, and whom I ever shall remember, was one prominent for her mirthful and mirth-creating spirit. She was a noble girl. I never saw her equal, never. Tall, graceful, commanding, in appearance; her high brow and wonderful eyes spoke of a nature above the common stamp. I cannot describe her so that any can imagine her as she really looked. She was very beautiful (a grand and lofty beauty), even from a child. She was my schoolmate for six long years. At ten years of age, she came to our school—came from her mother's death-bed, and her sable robes and great beauty interested all at once in her favour. As we became better acquainted with her, we loved her more and more, for she was as loving and warm-hearted as she was beautiful. Such stories as she would tell us of her dear old southern home, of her father, whose idol she was (and no wonder, thought we), and of the darling and beautiful mamma she was never more to see.

Her name was Eudora—Eudora St. John. What eyes she had. They would gleam and flash when she was excited or interested in anything, so that no one could fail to remark them. Deep and clear they were, too, causing one to think involuntarily of a "haunted well." We used to call the light that so often shone from Eudora's eyes, "sheet lightning."

Of all the frolics and all the sport of our school, that girl was general and ring-leader, and yet she never lost the favour of the teachers. There was a charm about her which was felt by young and old.

Years passed by, and Eudora became sixteen years of age. I had finished my education, and was expecting soon to bid farewell to my mates of many years, and go home to my parents, and settle down into private life.

One afternoon, Eudora came flying into my room. "I have a letter from home," said she, "and my father says I must come home to him next month; he wants to see me, and is going to send a gentleman to escort me home. Oh, how good it will seem to see him once more, and to get back among my slaves. Ah, ha, ha, Maria, are you so very much shocked? You know we never could agree on one point—I love to have slaves about me; you are a little Abolitionist."

"Oh, Eudora, how I do wish that one blot was not upon you. We all do love you so, but we always thought that you had one great fault, that of defending and loving slavery."

"I'm sorry to incur your displeasure Maria, but you should not judge so harshly of things of which you know so little. I tell you the slaves are betetr off than the free poor. I ought to know, for I've seen it. Many of them would refuse freedom were it offered."

"Perhaps they might; I have nothing to say of particular cases; but 'tis the *system* I hate and abhor."

"Oh, don't trouble your head about politics, Maria, the system will take care of itself. 'Tis well enough."

"It is not well. How can you say that a law which gives one human being absolute power over another, which classes men and women with brutes, is well enough? Eudora, it may be, you will live to see things in a different light."

"Ah, ha, ha!" laughed Eudora, "I won't stay with you any longer, while you have such an abolition fit on," and away she ran.

Sooner than she expected, she was sent for to go home. A tall and very handsome and distinguished-looking Southerner was he, who introduced himself as "Mr. Guy Glenwood, the friend of your father, Mr. St. John, and, if you please, Miss St. John, I shall be ready to start for home with you as soon as you can be ready for the ourney."

Eudora said she could be ready to start in two days.

I could not forbear noticing the glances of surprise and admiration the stranger cast at my friend. He could hardly turn his eyes away from her while he was in the room; and when he arose to take leave, he walked up and took her hand, saying, "I leave you now, Miss St. John, but I shall be on the spot early Thursday morning, and may I not hope that, as your father has honoured me with his friendship, you will not deny me yours."

Eudora blushed as she answered, "My friendship is easily won by those who deserve it."

There was no bidden meaning in the words of my friend, but the blood mounted in a torrent to the temples of Glenwood, and, bowing low over her hand, he murmured some indistinct and faint words, and departed.

"What did he say," said I, as she stood looking after him, in a sort of maze.

"That is more than I can tell," said she, "though I know what it *sounded* like, but that is impossible."

"What did it sound like, Eudora?"

"Proud, and bright, and beautiful, *and all my own*; but, of course, I heard amiss."

My friend and I parted. A sad time we had of it, but the promise, on both sides, of frequent letters, and occasional visits, blunted the keen edge of our sorrow. Of my own after history, I have nothing here to say; let me follow Eudora.

Her companion seemed wholly devoted to her. His undisguised admiration embarrassed her at first, but before they had been two days upon their journey he proffered himself her lover, and won from her the confession that she was not indifferent to him. She began to feel that she did indeed love him, with a wild and passionate love, but it was not a trusting nor a happy one. There was that in his manner, which at times troubled and perplexed her exceedingly. He seemed to feel that she was *his*, in a sense too literal for Eudora's poetic idea. As they drew near and nearer home, the strangeness of his manner increased. He was full of a feverish and idolatrous love, and he began to express it in a way which looked like disrespect.

Eudora grew cool. They reached New Orleans. The house where Glenwood stopped with Eudora was not a hotel. There was a large and elegantly furnished chamber there, but it was a back chamber, and there were iron bars to its windows. Eudora was weary when she entered that room, but she thought it rather strange they should conduct her at once to her chamber. She threw her things upon the sofa, and dropping into a stuffed easy chair, before the glowing fire, was soon fast asleep. A kiss upon her lips—a kiss that was an insult—awoke her. Glenwood stood beside her in her chamber. She tried to rise, but it was only to be encircled by his arms, and forced down upon his knee. She screamed aloud. He laughed, and kissed her again.

"Villain, why are you here? What do you mean? Let me go, I command you," cried the trembling girl.

"I am here because I love you. I mean to stay with you. It is *my* place to command, not yours, now, my beauty; but you may try and see how far you can go, and then, perhaps, you will be content to allow me to enjoy your company with as little screaming as is convenient, as there is no one to hear you, or to interfere with and spoil our pleasant evening together, if they do hear."

He loosened his hold upon her, and watched her, with a wicked smile, as she vainly tried to open the windows and doors.

Eudora saw that it was in vain, and sinking upon the floor, as Glenwood came towards her, she begged of him not to touch her, if he did not wish to see her go raving mad before his eyes. Then, springing to her feet, in sudden strength and courage, she demanded, "How dare you treat me thus? False friend and dastardly miscreant that you are! Don't you *know* that my father will kill you?"

"Nay, nay, my beautiful tigress, you reckon too fast, by half. Come back to the easy chair, and I'll explain matters to you."

He drew her along, for a deathly sickness, a fearful misgiving, deprived her of all power to resist. Seating himself with her in his arms, he continued, "I'm afraid you are going to faint, so I must hold you. My story, or rather your story, Eudora, is told in few words. Your father, as you called him, was also your master. Your mother was a beautiful slave, whom he loved, as I do you. Your father is dead. I am his heir, and you are my slave, Eudora."

The miserable girl did not faint—she could not—she wondered why she did not die. At once and forever, hope and joy, mirth and the spirit of gladness, forsook her bosom. She looked up into the face of Glenwood and smiled.

"I said Slavery was a good thing," said she, "now I have proved it; how strangely things do come about."

The cruel man was frightened. He thought her reason had left her—but it was not wholly gone. He tried to comfort her as well as he knew how—telling her it was a hard case, he knew, but that she should never know a slave's hard duty. He would always love and cherish her, and be as true to her as if she were a free-born woman and his lawful wife. The base liar! and he—for his name was Danoise—had promised his friend Harris, that he should have Eudora in another year!

Soon the poor girl began to beg of her master to give her leave to go into the cotton-field, and not to force her to become his mistress. But he laughed the proposal to scorn. Relieved to find that the information he had given had not crushed his victim at once into an idiot, as he had for a moment feared, his spirits returned, and owning that he would teach her to love her slavery and her master better than freedom, he forbade her to hope to escape him; his wishes were to be now her law.

Alas, the beautiful, the high-souled and dignified Eudora St. John. One little hour ago, deeming herself an idolized daughter, a free born, wealthy mistress of two hundred slaves, the friend and lady love of a noble gentleman, and now awaking to the reality that she is an orphan, a slave, and the last victim of a desperate and merciless villain.

The next day, Glenwood Dunoise took Eudora to his plantation, but the beauty which he had hoped and intended should have graced the entertainment he that day gave to a large number of his friends was dimmed and drenched by tears.

And was it thus that, after her long absence, Eudora St. John must enter the home of her childhood? Danoise was satisfied that she was unfit for anything but solitude, and as he made no objection to her going at once to her chamber—her own, old chamber, where, with her mother, she had slumbered in the years when she knew not that she was a slave. She flung herself upon her bed, and wept, and groaned, and writhed in her intolerable and hopeless agony. She was no longer the being that won the admiration of all who beheld her. Dunoise might do anything he thought best with her now, she would resist nothing. It seemed that the conviction that the blood of the fated, and down-trodden race ran in her veins, had killed her courage and self-respect, her high spirit and pride at one blow. Glenwood Dunoise had seized, with a strong and rude hand, the treasure that had glittered before his eyes, and fired his unholy heart, but it had withered in his grasp. Even his seared conscience, and his hard heart, were touched by the sight of the ruin he had wrought, and with all the love and gentleness he knew how to show, he tried to win his victim back to something like her former self. But his efforts were all in vain. No smile ever again wreathed those beautiful lips. The mirthful and the loving light of those glorious eyes had gone out and could not be rekindled. She did not resist his will in anything, she was a slave, the blood of servitude ran through her heart, she was nothing any more.

Such is one chapter of Slavery.

CHAPTER IV.

Ten years from the date of the commencement of my story, my husband and I were travelling in Louisiana. Having heard much of the slave-markets, we resolved to gather up courage enough to take a peep at one of those scenes of horror with our own eyes. What we saw there the first half hour, I will not attempt to describe. At the end of that time, a poor, half-dying shadow of a woman, was pushed on the auction-block. Her skin, in places where it had not been burned by the sun and wind, was fair as my own. Her ragged dress exposed her shoulders and back to the public gaze. Marks, as if from strokes of the heavy whip were upon that fair back, her long black hair hung in waves about her face and shoulders, and her large glittering eyes gave her a most unearthly look. "Who bids," cried the auctioneer, "who bids for Eudora St. John?"

We bought her—my husband and I—Abolitionists as we were, we were determined to buy one slave, in spite of our principles.

This, then, was why I had never heard from my beloved schoolmate. This was why none of my letters had ever been answered.

"Oh, Eudora, you may live to see things in a different light."

Poor, poor Eudora! We carried her to our happy eastern home, and as we smoothed her pathway to the grave, she told us all her sad history. Dunoise fulfilled his promise to Harris. He was even better than his word, for in less than a year, wearied by the sad and silent sullenness of Eudora, he delivered her over to the tender mercies of his friend, for the sum of $1,500. Harris could not enjoy her strange mood much better than Dunoise, and as he also failed in his efforts to change it, he soon sent her to the field, where, for years, she toiled and groaned under the lash of tongue and whip. At the death of Harris, she was sold (with the rest of his cattle) to pay his debts.

By the side of my mother, in the little grave yard, in the village of ———, sleeps my poor Eudora, and her history is one of the things that recommends slavery to my especial favour.

FLAWS IN DIAMONDS.

IT is sometimes instructive, and at all times interesting, to learn something of the eccentricities, failings and foibles of remarkable persons. Such traits form the most attractive and salient points of biographical works; they may be called the colouring of literary portraiture, and, being endowed with an individual vitality, are found to linger longest in the memory of the general reader.

Having gathered together a number of these personal anecdotes, we propose to pass away a gossiping, and not wholly an unprofitable, half hour in relating them to our readers.

It is painful to reflect upon the inordinate vanity which characterizes many illustrious lives. When Cæsar became bald, he constantly wore the laurel wreath with which we see him represented on medals, in the hope of concealing the defect; and Cicero's egotism was so great, that he even composed a Latin hexameter in his own praise:

Oh fortunatam natam me Consule Romam.
(Oh fortunate Rome when I was born her consul!)—

a line which elicited the just sarcasms of Juvenal. Queen Elizabeth left 3,000 different dresses in her wardrobe when she died; and, during many years of the latter part of her life, would not suffer a looking-glass in her presence, for fear that she should perceive the ravages of time upon her countenance. Mæcenas, the most egregious of classic exquisites, is said to have "wielded the Roman Empire with rings on his fingers." The vanity of Benvenuto Cellini is too well known to need repetition. Sir Walter Raleigh was, perhaps, the greatest beau on record. His shoes, on court-days, were so gorgeously adorned with precious stones as to have exceeded 6,000 guineas in value; and he had a suit of armour of solid silver, with jewelled sword and belt, the worth of which was almost incalculable. The great Descartes was very particular about his wigs; and always kept four in his dressing-closet; a piece of vanity wherein he was imitated by Sir Richard Steele, who never expended less than forty guineas upon one of his large black periwigs. Mozart, whose light hair was of a fine quality, wore it very long and flowing down between his shoulders, with a tie of coloured ribbon confining it at the neck. Poor Goldsmith's innocent dandyisms and the story of his peach-blossom coat are almost proverbial. Pope's self-love was so great that, according to Johnson, he "had been flattered till he thought himself one of the moving powers in the system of life." Allan Ramsay's egotism was excessive. On one occasion, he modestly took precedence of Peter the Great, in estimating their comparative importance with the public; "But haud [hold], proud czar," he says, "I wadna niffer [exchange] fame!" Napoleon was vain of his small foot. Salvator Rosa was once heard to compare himself with Raphael and Michael Angelo, calling the former dry, and the latter coarse; and Raphael, again, was jealous of the fame and skill of Michael Angelo. Hogarth's historical paintings — which were bad — equalled, in his own opinion, those of the old masters. Sir Peter Lely's vanity was so well known, that a mischievous wit, resolving to try what amount of flattery he would believe, told him one day that if the Author of Mankind could have had the benefit of his (Lely's) opinions upon beauty, we should all have been materially benefited in point of personal appearance; to which the painter emphatically replied: "Fore Gott, sare, I believe you're right!" Bojardo, the Italian poet, ascribed so high an importance to his poetry, that when he had invented a suitable name for one of his heroes, he set the bells ringing in the village. Kotzebue was so vain and envious that he could endure nothing celebrated to be near him, though it were but a picture or a statue; and even Lamartine, the loftiest and finest of French poets, robs his charming pages of half their beauty by the inordinate self-praise of his commentaries. Rosseau has been called "the self-torturing egotist"; and Lord Byron's life was one long piece of egotism from beginning to end. He was vain of his genius, his rank, his misanthropy, and even of his vices; and he was particularly proud of his good riding and his handsome hands.

Penuriousness, unhappily, has been too commonly associated with learning and fame. Cato, the censor, on his return from Spain, was so parsimonious that he sold his field-horse, to save the expense of conveying the animal by sea to Italy. Attilius Regulus, at the period of his greatest glory in Africa, entreated permission to return home to the management of his estate, which consisted but of seven acres, alleging that his servants had been defrauding him of certain agricultural implements, and that he was anxious to look after his affairs. Lord Bacon is a melancholy instance of the dominion obtained by avarice over a great mind. Among artists, Nollekens and Northcote were proverbially penurious. Swift, in his old age, was avaricious, and had an absolute terror of visitors. "When his friends of either sex came to him, in expectation of a dinner, his custom was to give every one a shilling, that they might please themselves with their provision." Of the great Duke of Marlborough, it is said by Macaulay, that "his splendid qualities were mingled with alloy of the most sordid kind."

We will now turn to the errors of self-indulgence. Socrates, Plato, Agathon, Aristophanes, and others of the most celebrated Greeks, drank wine to a surprising extent; and Plato says, in his *Symposium*, that Socrates kept sober longer than any. Tiberius was so much addicted to this vice, that he had frequently to be carried from the senate-house. Cato was fond of the bottle. Ben Johnson delighted in copious draughts of Canary wine, and even contrived to have a pipe of that liquor added to his yearly pension as poet-laureate. The fine intellect of Coleridge was clouded over by this unhappy propensity. Montaigne indulged in sherry. The otherwise unexceptionable morality of Addison was stained by this one error. Sir Richard Steele, Fielding, and Sterne, shared the prevailing taste for hard drinking. Mozart was no exception to the rule. Churchill was a very intemperate man; and Hogarth gave a ludicrous immortality to the satirist's love of porter, by representing him in the character of a bear with a mug of that liquor in its paw. Tasso aggravated his mental irritability by the use of wines, despite the entreaties of his physicians. During his long imprisonment, he speaks gratefully in his letters of some sweetmeats with which he had been supplied; and after his release, he relates with delight the good things that were provided for him by his patron, the Duke of Mantua—"the bread and fruit, the fish and flesh, the wines, sharp and brisk, and the confections." Pope, who was somewhat of an epicure, when staying at the house of his friend Lord Bolingbroke, would lie in bed for days together, unless he heard there were to be stewed lampreys for dinner, when he would forthwith arise, and make his appearance at table. Dr. Johnson had a voracious liking for a leg of mutton. "At my Aunt Ford's," he said, "I ate so much of a leg of mutton that she used to talk of it." A gentleman once treated him to a dish of new honey and clouted cream, of which he partook so enormously that his entertainer was alarmed.

Quin, the famous actor, has been known to travel from London to Bath for the mere sake of dining upon a John Dory. Dr. Parr, in a private letter, confesses to his passionate love of hot-boiled lobsters, with a profusion of shrimp-sauce. Shelley was for many years a vegetarian; and, in the notes to his earliest edition of *Queen Mab*, speaks with enthusiasm of a dinner of "greens, potatoes, and turnips." Ariosto was excessively fond of turnips. He ate fast, and of whatever was nearest to him, often beginning with the bread upon the table before the other dishes came. Being visited one day by a stranger, he devoured all the dinner that was provided for both; and when afterwards censured for his unpoliteness, only observed that "the gentleman should have taken care of himself." Handel ate enormously; and Dr. Kitchener relates of him, that whenever he dined at a tavern, he ordered dinner for three. On being told that all was ready as soon as the company should arrive, he would exclaim: "Den pring up de dinner *prestissimo*—I AM DE GOMBANY!" Lord Byron's favourite dish was eggs and bacon; and though he could never eat it without suffering from an attack of indigestion, he had not always sufficient firmness to resist the temptation. Lalande, the great French astronomer, would eat spiders as a relish. Linnæus delighted in chocolate; and it was he who bestowed upon it its generic name of *Theobroma*, or "food of the gods." Fontenelle deemed strawberries the most delicious eating in the world; and during his last illness, used to exclaim constantly: "If I can but reach the season of strawberries!"

The amusements of remarkable persons have been various, and often eccentric. The great Bayle would frequently wrap himself in his cloak, and hasten to places where mountebanks resorted: and this was his chief relaxation from the intensity of study. Spinoza delighted to set spiders fighting, and would laugh immoderately at beholding their insect-warfare. Cardinal Richelieu used to seek amusement in violent exercise, and was found by De Grammont jumping with his servant, to see which could leap the highest. The great logician, Samuel Clarke, was equally fond of such saltatory interludes to his hours of meditation, and has been discovered leaping over tables and chairs. Once, observing the approach of a pedant, he said: "Now we must leave off, for a fool is coming in!" The learned Petavius used to twirl his chair round and round for five minutes, at the end of every two hours. Tycho Brahé diverted himself with polishing glasses for spectacles. Paley, the author of *Natural Theology*, was so much given to angling that he had his portrait painted with a rod and line in his hand. Louis XVI., of sad memory, amused himself with lock-making. Salvator Rosa used to perform in extempore comedies, and take the character of a mountebank in the streets of Rome. Anthony Magliabecchi, the famous librarian to the Duke of Tuscany, took a great interest in the spiders which thronged his apartments; and while sitting among his mountains of books, would caution his visitors "not to hurt the spiders!" Moses Mendelssohn, surnamed the Jewish Socrates, would sometimes seek relief from too much thought in standing at his window and counting the tiles upon his neighbour's roof. Thomas Warton, the poetical antiquary, used to associate with the schoolboys, while visiting his brother, Dr. J. Warton. Campbell says: "When engaged with them in some culinary occupation, and when alarmed by the sudden approach of the master, he has been known to hide himself in a dark corner of the kitchen, and has been dragged from thence by the doctor, who had taken him for some great boy. Cowper kept hares, and made bird cages. Dr. Johnson was so fond of his cat that he would even go out himself to buy oysters for Puss, because his servant was too proud to do so. Goëthe kept a tame snake, but hated dogs. Ariosto delighted in gardening; but he destroyed all he planted, by turning up the mould to see if the seeds were germinating. Thomson had his garden at Richmond, respecting which the old story of how he ate peaches off the trees with his hands in his pockets is related. Gibbon was a lazy man. Coleridge was content to sit from morning till night threading the dreamy mazes of his own mind. Gray said that he wished to be always lying on sofas, reading eternal new novels of Crebillon and Marivaux. Fenton, the eminent scholar, died from sheer inactivity: he rose late, and when he had risen, sat down to his books and papers. A woman who waited upon him in his lodgings said, that "he would lie a-bed and be fed with a spoon." Contrary examples to that of Sir Walter Scott, who wrote all his finest works before breakfast!

To return to the recreations of celebrated persons. Oliver Cromwell is said to have sometimes cast aside his Puritan gravity, and played at Blind-man's-buff with his daughters and attendants. Henri Quatre delighted to go about in disguise among the peasantry. Charles II.'s most innocent amusement consisted in feeding the ducks in St. James's Park, and in rearing numbers of those beautiful spaniels that still bear his name. Beethoven would splash in cold water at all times of the day, till his chamber was swamped, and the water oozed through the flooring to the rooms beneath; he would also walk out in the dewy fields at night or morning without shoes or stockings. Shelley took an unaccountable delight in floating little paper-boats on any piece of water he chanced to be near. There is a pond on Hempstead-heath which has often borne his tiny fleets; and there is an anecdote related of him—rather too good, we fear, to be true—which says that, being one day beside the Serpentine, and having no other paper in his pocket wherewith to indulge his passion for ship building, he actually folded a bank-bill for fifty pounds into the desired shape; launched the little craft upon its voyage; watched its steady progress with paternal anxiety; and, finally, went over and received it in safety at the opposite side.

This paper might be extended almost indefinitely; but there must be limits, even to an essay, and certainly to the good-nature of our readers.—*Chambers's Journal.*

THE PROTOCOL OF PRIVATE LIFE.

From Punch.

THE unfortunate differences which have arisen between various members of the Tomkins family were taken into consideration at the recent Conference in Finsbury. The original dispute arose in the summer of 1854, about eleven months after the marriage of Mr. Thomas Tomkins with Miss Maria, the beautiful and amiable daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Chowderby, of the City Road. Mr. Chowderby, a year before a coal-agent in apparently affluent circumstances, became, in June, 1854, from circumstances over which he had no control, unable to meet his financial engagements.

Previous recourse (especially upon an occasion when an infuriate milkman urged his demand with some precipitancy) had been had to the Loan system, and Mr. Tomkins, who is engaged in the pickle trade, had discounted a series of (dishonourable) bills for his father-in-law. Deeming it necessary to restrict his cash operations, Mr. Tomkins had lately declined this course; and to his son-in-law refusing him money, Mr. Chowderby, with some plausibility, attributes his being without any. Differences arose, which were rather suspended than settled by a visit which, at Maria Tomkins's desire, her husband requested from Mrs. Chowderby.

It is here necessary to mention that, about December last, a baby was born to Mr. and Mrs. Tomkins. Mrs. Chowderby accepted the invitation, bringing with her two younger brothers of Maria, and they remained as guests until Easter, at which period the unsolicited superintendence of the elder lady with the management of the infant, the continual disarrangement of the pickle pots by the younger Chowderbys, the incessant demands of the elder Chowderby for money, and a final proposition that the whole Chowderby family should come and live with the Tomkins's, brought matters to a crisis, which terminated in the expulsion of the Chowderbys, and a total estrangement.

Mr. Tomkins felt no discontent at this; but his wife and various members of the family considering it objectionable, it was agreed that a conference should be held at Miss Tiddles's (a maiden aunt of Mr. Tomkins), in order to endeavour to arrange matters.

The conference took place at the above locality on Wednesday afternoon. Everybody attended on his and her own behalf. There were present, therefore, Mr. Silas Chowderby, Miss Tiddles, Mrs. S. Chowderby, Mr. T. Tomkins, Maria Tomkins, Baby Tomkins (provisionally registered Thomas Augustus Pickles), Sarah Carter (nurse of the latter), Master Peter Chowderby, Master Jack Chowderby, Miss Louisa Tomkins (Mr. T. T.'s sister), and Mr. Frederic Binkle (keeping company with the latter).

Miss Tiddles could not understand why relatives could not live in peace and harmony. She hated to see family disturbances, and thought the shortest way was to forget and forgive, and try to bear with one another better for the future. She would express no opinion on any subject, except that Thomas Augustus Pickles was the loveliest little tickswickswicksy that ever was, so he was, and a duck of diamonds, and a treasure of the Indian seas, and the gold mines of America, chick, chick, chick, chick, chick.

The initiative was then, at her own desire, conceded to Mrs. Chowderby, who expressed a conviction that things had come to a pretty pass when a child forgot her duty to the mother that had weaned her; that the meanness of Mr. Tomkins did not surprise her, for it was well known that he came of a mean stock; but that Maria should go against her was indeed a blow, which, when she was laid in silent extramural cemetery, that undutiful girl would remember in sacking and bashes. To suppose that a woman at her time of life did not understand babies better than a chit was ridiculous, but this was only a pretence for Mister Tomkins to get rid of his duty to his wife's parents.

They happened not to be so well off in wordly things as he was, perhaps because they had not stooped to the same low means of turning cash—some people, respectable people, too, had spoken of half-pennies boiled in pickles to give them a colour, but that was neither here nor there. Mr. Tomkins ought to be ashamed of himself, and as for his wife—(*here* Mrs. CHOWDERBY *wept*).

Sarah Carter had no right to speak, being only a poor servant; but sooner than see that blessed baby (*article produced*) physicked with the messes Mrs. Chowderby guv it when it's mamma's back was turned, she would break stones on the high rodes.

Mrs. Chowderby insisted on that slut's withdrawal from the conference; but, after some discussion, this proposal was overruled.

Mr. Tomkins had deuced little to say. He had married Maria, and not the whole family; but he was a good-natured fellow, and so long as her relations behaved with any sort of decency, he had been glad to do his best for them. But there was such a thing as cutting it too f—— (*here Mrs. Tomkins gently suggested that her husband should vary his illustration*). Well, he meant as riding a willing horse to death. He appealed to Maria if he had not been a kind husband to her, in spite of her relatives. (*Mrs. Tomkins here threw herself on his bosom, and sobbed.*)

Mr. Chowderby said that it was keener than a toothache to have a thankless serpent instead of a child.

Mr. Tomkins was willing to admit that proposition in all its fulness, but did not see the applicability.

Miss Louisa Tomkins was sure that her brother would do everything that was right, and suggested that he should give them a day on the water, and a dinner at Richmond, and everbody be friends.

Mr. Frederic Binkle cordially concurred in the last suggestion; and if the word champagne were not deemed inadmissible, he would venture to offer, on his own account, that addition to the proposed festivity. (*Miss L. Tomkins touched his hand, and said* "Duck.")

Mr. Chowderby regarded all that as trash. If Mr. Tompkins would give him the money such a piece of foolery would cost, it would enable him to remove his silver teapot from the house of a suppositious relative, where, to the infinite disgrace of the family, it had long been deposited.

Masters Peter and Jack Chowderby expressed an opinion that the party would be more jolly, and bother the old tea-pot; besides, papa never took tea, but gin-and-water. (*The extrusion of these members of the Conference occupied the next half-minute.*)

Mrs. Maria Tompkins cried for some time, and then stated, that except her husband, her blessed baby was the only comfort she had on earth. Her papa and mamma were very unkind, she was sure, and Thomas had a great deal to complain of. She had tried to make peace, but she hoped she knew her duty as a wife.

Baby Tomkins (*hearing his mamma's voice*) signified that she owed a duty as a mother, which he called upon her, in a most urgent manner, to perform without delay. (*The proceedings became inaudible until his demand was complied with.*)

Mrs. Chowderby hoped that what the unmarried young lady had seen and heard that day would be a warning to her in case she ever had the misfortune of having children. No girl could have been better brought up than Maria, and now let them look at her.

Mrs. Tomkins begged, laughing, that they would do nothing of the kind.

Mr. Chowderby conceived that if they were going to have nothing but nonsense, they had better go. He was a man of business, and would make a business-like proposition. Would Tomkins pay all his debts, and advance him £100 to buy him a milk-walk, taking the advance out—for he was a man of business—in milk on week days and cream on Sundays?

Mr. Tomkins, in justice to his adored wife, to that innocent babe, and to all—well, never mind that—must decline doing anything of the sort. But a £20 note was heartily at Mr. Chowderby's service, and there it was.

Mr. Chowderby would accept it, but without prejudice to his other claims.

Mrs. Chowderby would forgive her Maria, if Maria could forgive herself.

Mrs. Tomkins signifying that she was decidedly equal to this latter conciliatory effort, there was much mutual embracing, and tea at the expense of Miss Tiddles.

GENERAL PELLISSIER,

THE NEW COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE FRENCH ARMY IN THE CRIMEA.

THE officer who has been recently invested with the command of the French army before Sebastopol earned his claim to that distinction about ten years since, in Africa, by an exploit which will forever cover his name with infamy. He suffocated some three hundred men, women and children of one of the Arab tribes in a cave, because he was unable to make them surrender to his arms. The *Post* copies from the *Pantheon Populaire*, of Paris, the following rather apologetic account of this affair:

"The cave had only two entrances, one above the other, to which an inclosed footpath led. A company of grenadiers received orders to follow this difficult route, and to arrive as soon as possible at the retreat of the Kabyles; but the latter had the advantage of firing with a certainty of killing the men engaged in this species of ravine. It was found necessary to abandon the attack in front.

"An investment of the place was then thought of. Famine would probably have compelled the Ouled Rhias to submit; but Colonel Pellissier was in a hurry to join his colleague. On the other hand, there were not troops sufficient to take up a permanent encampment on these mountains, where an insurrection might annihilate the column; in short, a siege was not in conformity with the Colonel's instructions. He had directions, at any price, to destroy the *prestigé* attached to the retreats of the Kantara.

"An infernal idea, borrowed, unfortunately, either from our civil wars or from the wars of the Spaniards in America, had been indicated as an extreme measure by the Governor-General. It was to terrify the Kabyles by threatening to suffocate them in their caves by fire. It was thought that in presence of such a menace all resistance would cease. After succeeding, though not without a good deal of difficulty, in placing himself in communication with the defenders of the cavern, Colonel Pellissier threw out the threat suggested by Marshal Bugeaud. The Arabs laughed at it, and one of the French flags of truce was even killed by them.

"A commencement of the project was made, in the idea that their indifference only arose from the certainty which they entertained that the threat would not be put in execution. Heaps of dry wood and straw were thrown from the tops of the Kantara in front of the caves. The Kabyles removed them, according as they were flung down, but the fire of the French having driven them back into the caves, these combustibles, after a while, made a vast heap, to which it now only remained to apply the fire. No signs of surrender on the part of the Arabs having been made, fire was at length thrown on the pile. As if it did not wish to associate itself with the horrors of this human butchery, it long refused to communicate itself to the combustible masses piled by the French at the entrance of the caverns.

"A few Arabs escaped, and went to a short distance to obtain water. It was expected that others would follow them, and that the whole body would then submit. This was a vain hope. Just as the sun began to quit its zenith, a breeze arose, which blew directly in the direction of the entrance to the Dhar. The smoke began to whirl and curl in the air, the flames burst forth, and were drawn by the current into the caverns. Many thought that the Arabs had fled by some secret issue, or at least that they had found a retreat where the fire could not reach them. This state of uncertainty lasted all night.

"At daybreak a company, composed partly of artillery and partly of engineers, received orders to penetrate into the caves. A melancholy silence, broken by distant moans, prevailed there. At the entrance, the animals, whose heads had been covered over to prevent them from seeing or making a noise, lay half reduced to cinders. Then were beheld fearful groups which death had seized upon. Here a mother had been suffocated just as she was defending her child against the fury of a bull, whose horns she still held, and whom the fire had stifled at the same time.

"To add to the horror of the scene, the naked corpses poured forth their blood by the mouth, and by their attitudes attested the dreadful character of the death-struggle. Here, two spouses, or two lovers, were locked in each other's arms. New-born children lay amongst the chests and the provisions, and in other places were concealed in the garments of the mothers. In fine, scattered in every direction, were to be seen mutilated masses of human flesh, trampled under foot during the struggle of the night, and forming altogether a sort of human ragout."

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

A London tradesman is about to send to the Paris Exhibition jewelry to the value of £120,000, including a tiara which costs £5,000.

——The "Address to the People," written by Charlotte Corday, and found upon her person when she was arrested, was sold in Paris, the other day, for 770 francs.

——M. Titoff, who, with Prince Gortschakoff, represented Russia at the late Conferences, has just lost a son at Sebastopol, where he was serving as a lieutenant.

——An indignant correspondent of the London *Record* calls attention to an iniquitous manufacture at Birmingham—that of Hindoo *idols* for exportation. A malicious inquirer asks whether they are for the United States.

——The latest folly enjoined by the goddess of fashion upon her devotees, is the wearing of bonnet-ribbons four feet long. The bonnets, meanwhile, continue to recede from public observation. They have been long invisible to the naked eye—of the wearer; and they now threaten to run entirely to ribbon.

——GOVERNMENT MEANNESS.—The friends of Dr. Dick, of Broughty Ferry, the gifted author of the "Christian Philosopher," and kindred works, have been for some time assiduous in their efforts to get from Government a small annual tribute which might aid in comforting the declining years of the author of several works of great excellence, but which unfortunately are not so extensively read as their merits entitle them to be. The labours of these gentlemen have now been rewarded by the Lords of the Treasury conferring on the venerable Dr. Dick the munificent pension of ten pounds!

—— THE SHORTEST SERMON EVER PREACHED.—The shortest sermon on record was preached by probably one of the most eloquent preachers who ever adorned a pulpit, the late Dean Kirwan. He was pressed (while suffering from a severe cold) to preach in the church of St. Peter's in Dublin, for, I believe, the orphan children in the parish school; he tried to excuse himself, but at last yielded, ill as he was. After mounting the pulpit, while the church was crowded to suffocation, and having given out the text, he merely pointed to the orphan children in the aisle, and said, "*There they are.*" It is said the collection on that occasion exceeded all belief. Dean Kirwan left a son, the present eloquent Dean of Limerick.—*Notes and Queries.*

——Miss Martineau relates, in her "Guide Book to the Lakes," that Swan inn, at Grasmere, had the honour of providing Scott with a daily draught of something good, when he was, in his early days, the guest of Wadsworth and his sister at Grasmere—their board being conscientiously humble, as they used to tell, to a degree which did not suit the taste of their guest. By some device or another, Scott managed to pay a daily visit to the Swan without his friends being aware of it. But, when he, Wadsworth and Southey were to ascend Helvellyn, mounting their ponies at the Swan, the host saw their approach, and cried out to Scott, "Eh, sir! you're come early for your drink to-day." It was a complete escape of the cat from the bag.

——ARTISTIC